

**SPECIAL  
2ND  
ANNIVERSARY  
ISSUE**

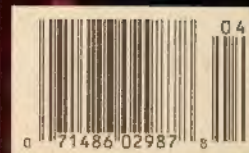
**SPIN**

APRIL \$2.50  
CANADA \$3.00

# **SEX AS A WEAPON**

WHAT DID  
SHE START?

BON JOVI  
LUTHER VANDROSS  
THE THE  
NEVILLE BROTHERS  
ROBBIE NEVIL  
JOE ELY  
BAD BRAINS  
QUENTIN CRISP  
ON THE ANTIHERO  
TIMOTHY LEARY  
ON CYBERPUNK  
ELVIS INTERVIEWED  
(ALMOST)  
JAPANESE COMICS  
SONNY BONO  
HOME SHOPPING NETWORK

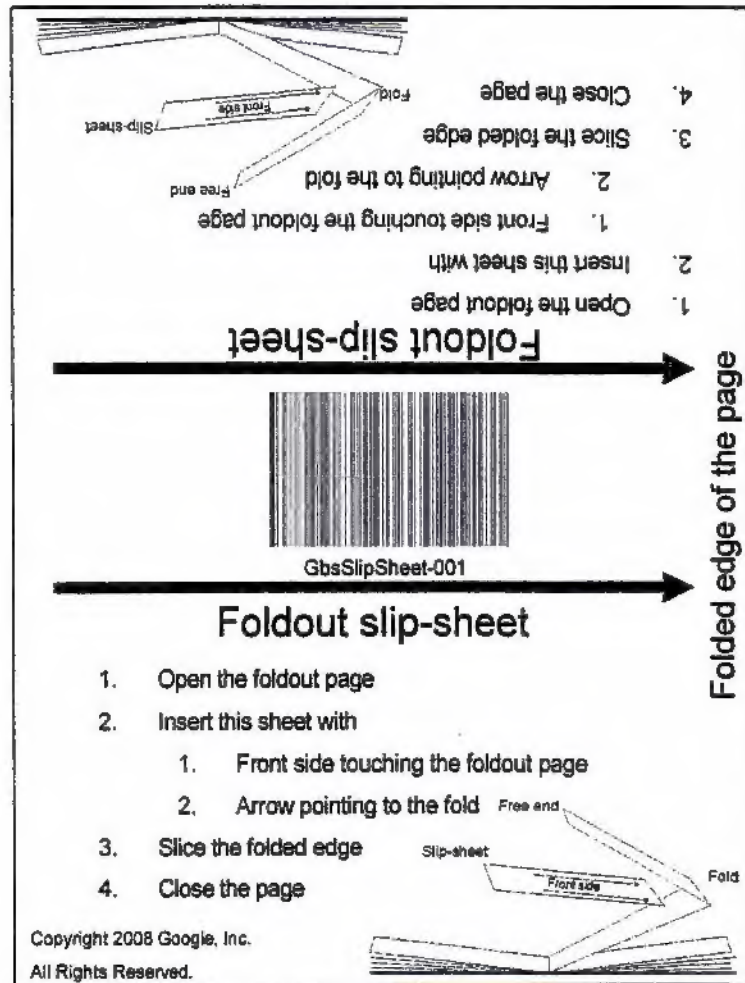


Materiał chroniony prawem autorskim





**DISCOVER  
A NEW SPECIES  
FROM TODAY'S  
CHEVROLET.**







# B E R



## **THE 1988 BERETTA.**

It has evolved. Not just a new car, but a new species. An unusually roomy sport coupe with a natural instinct for the road.

## **A DISTINCTIVE NEW SHAPE.**

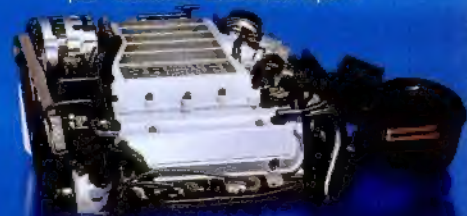
From nose to tail, the stylish contours of Beretta make a unique impression. Angular hood. Flush, pillar-mounted door handles. Lots of glass. Aggressive stance. And a bold tail lamp. See it on the road

and you won't soon forget. Drive it, and you never will.

## **QUICK 2.8 LITER MULTI-PORT FUEL-INJECTED V6.**

With the optional 2.8 Liter V6, Beretta can move from 0 to 60 in less than 10 seconds.\* This refined Multi-Port Fuel Injection engine features a computer-controlled coil ignition for accurate spark performance and an electronic control

module with brand-new micro-processor technology that can handle 600,000 commands per second. Beretta's sport



\*Performance figures compiled by a professional driver on a GM test track.





**DISCOVER  
A NEW SPECIES  
FROM TODAY'S  
CHEVROLET.**





Volume Three Number One

April 1987

**Editorial Assistant and Receptionist:**  
**Alexandria Ubilla**

Assistant Managing Editor: Karen McBurnie  
Advertising Assistant: Donna Ranieri  
Marketing Assistant: Ellen Bello  
Copy Editor: Deborah Gordis  
Designer: Basil Berry  
Account Manager: Grace Whitney  
Account Manager: Jill Elias  
Account Manager: Nancy Arias  
Advertising Services Manager: Jimmy Saal  
Business Manager: Mary Sekas  
Staff Photographer, U.K.: Anton Corbijn  
Staff Photographer: David M. Kennedy  
Assistant Art Director: Steven Banks  
Photo Editor: Chris Carroll  
Copy Chief: Jeff Klein  
Staff Writer: Robert Keating  
West Coast Editor: Bart Bull  
Assistant Editor: Karen J. Dolan  
Flash Editor: John Leland  
Tri-State Editor: Glenn O'Brien  
Senior Editor: Scott Cohen  
Assistant to Publisher: Roberta Bayley  
Art Director: Amy Seissler  
Managing Editor/Prod. Dir.: Gregg Weatherby  
V.P./Marketing and P.R.: Diana Hoitzberg  
Executive Editor: Rudy Langlais  
Associate Publisher: Felice Arden  
Editor, Design Director & Publisher:  
Bob Guccione, Jr.

Cover photograph by Iain McKell/Retna

Photograph above by Allen Beaulieu

# IN

**TOPSPIN** / Introductions 6

**POINT BLANK** / Letters 8

## FLASH

Lil' Ed and the Blues Imperials, the War on Punk, Richard Kern, Howard Finster, Japanese Comics, Cowgirl Chic, New Model Army, Chubby Checker, The Hollywood Kids, Interview with Elvis, Missed Information. 10

## UPTOWN AND DOWN

The Neville Brothers have worn many hats and many hairdos, been ripped off, dabbled in crime, gone to jail, made friends in high places and low, starred in a 501 jeans commercial, and created some miraculous music. By Bunny Matthews. 26

## THIS IS THE THE

Matt Johnson, studio obsessive, turns a childhood of deprivation into a multimedia assault on AIDS, lust, terrorism, trust, nuclear proliferation, and spiritual salvation. By Lynn Geller. 29

## SOUL GOD

Luther Ronzoni Vandross modeled himself on Aretha Franklin and Dionne Warwick and became the most important soul voice of the '80s. By Barry Walters. 31

## BAD HABITS

Cartoon by Norman Dog. 34

**SPINS** / Records 35

**UNDERGROUND** 42

**SINGLES** 44

## BON VIVANT

Bon Jovi is a big band. They play where the big hockey teams play. And one of them used to go out with Diane Lane. Couldn't you just die?

By Glenn O'Brien. 46

## SEX AS A WEAPON

Video killed the radio star, and created a whole new flock of pop celebrities, most of them female. Sex appeal plays a key role, but does it put them on top or relegate them to second-class status? Belinda Carlisle, Grace Jones, Aimee Mann, Rosie Vela, Mary Wilson, and others confront the Big Lies. With an essay by Tama Janowitz. 54

## LUBBOCK CALLING

Joe Ely used to have a pink Cadillac with blue Naugahyde upholstery, just like Buddy Holly, Lubbock's previous favorite son.

By Bart Bull. 64

## ANTIHERO

In a new SPIN column, Quentin Crisp ponders antiheroes and arrives at the ultimate: Woody Allen. 70

## A HANKERING FOR SONNY BONO

He was a mensch even before he decided to run for Mayor of Palm Springs.

By Sukey Pett. 74

## CALL OF THE MILD

Robbie Nevil had a dagger tattooed on his cheek because he didn't like his cell mates calling him "Moleface." Oops, that's Aaron Neville. Robbie Nevil's good-looking and makes snappy pop videos. C'est la vie. By Robert Lloyd. 79

## BRAIN DEF

The Bad Brains are America's premier heavy metal Rasta punks. By Chuck Eddy. 83

## STATE OF THE ART / Digital Audio

Tape 87

## CYBERPUNKS

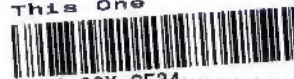
Cyberpunk is a computer cowboy, illegally jacking into the information matrix. And writers William Gibson, Bruce Sterling, John Shirley and Norman Spinrad have turned our man into the new wave of science fiction.

By Dr. Timothy Leary. 88

## THE GLOBAL MALL

Without the Home Shopping Network, life itself wouldn't be possible. By Jim Mullen. 100

This One



8726-23X-CF34 Material chronology prawem autorst (n)



# TOP SPIN

The editor of a magazine once famous as a bastion of the counterculture recently admitted that his magazine had lost some of its edge. He attributed this to there being nothing to get edgy about anymore; these aren't the activist '60s, he shrugged. Which is like a veteran pitcher admitting he doesn't have the same zip on his fastball, but explaining that it's because the public doesn't want to see a pitcher challenging hitters anymore.

It is an interesting rationale, not just as a clever excuse, but because, tragically, his perception of what people want has a lot of truth to it.

The three networks are not vitally concerned with news, despite their usual rhetoric. As a business, journalism may be the most maddening of all—it's mostly intangible, entirely unpredictable, and fairly unbudgetable. Nothing is more competitive, and nothing evaporates quicker on contact. Only old fish smells worse and is less digestible than old news, and most businessmen will take the chance with the fish.

The chairman of one of the networks—I can't say which, I was told off-the-record, by someone told off-the-record—recently asked the president of his news division why they needed all their foreign correspondents. In Europe, especially, reasoned the chairman, they could rely on local journalists for reporting. That this would not exactly yield objective journalism did not concern him. That the other networks and newsgathering organizations presumably would, at least for now, stick with their overseas correspondents apparently didn't enter into the proposition either. It doesn't seem to have mattered: People watching his network would want to know what's going on in the world and as long as his network delivered approximately what was going on, that would suffice. That is what he was saying, whether in those words or not.

Information is oxygen; without it we can't think. If the American press can seriously ponder whether or not it needs certain vital information or can replace counterculture reporting with a timely Don Johnson profile, then it has perceived a real degeneration in the American desire to think. And that's critically dangerous—both the degeneration and the press's apparent willingness to go along with it.

I think the main cause for this intellectual deterioration lies in our being an instant society, which probably seemed a good idea at the

invigorating dawn of invention, but which now has its drawbacks, such as impatience and a cultural shortsightedness. From instant coffee to computer technology, the frantic particles of the American imagination seek to improve on every accomplishment, even the fantastically minor. The American imagination cannot see the disposable cigarette lighter without driving itself to somehow improve on it. Shopping malls were once the jewels of this civilization, and you and I were probably content with their convenience; but to the American imagination they were a haunting mockery, if this was the best we could do for our people. The American imagination took no rest till it invented the home shopping network.

In the same way instant cameras aren't instant enough (we still, after all, have to push the button), journalism that makes us think is losing races to reporting that doesn't. The world brought instantly into our living rooms is too slow for the accelerated American pulse: news must be instantly comprehensible and it must simultaneously interest (entertain) us. News becomes one arrangement of diluted babble grabbing for our liquid attention span before another arrangement of perhaps more digestible babble claims it on another channel. It's not that there isn't news or news reporting, it's that there isn't the sense that what's being reported is actually important.

The '60s may have been more active, but the '80s are more dangerous. The '80s are as dangerous as an idiot in a gas station smoking as he pumps gas into your car. Stories like AIDS get consequential coverage as much because they are sensationalistic as important. AIDS is horrific and horrifying and therefore riveting. But stories like the recent brazen attempts to install censorship, or the frightening ineptitude of our school systems, or the faulty construction of our economy, or the true breadth of drug addiction and ghetto crime, or the plight of the farmers—the true scale of America's problems—are inadequately reported after the magpie-like press has scavenged the most sensational bits.

There's plenty to get edgy about today: America is in trouble on so many levels. We need an alert, concerned and challenging press, not one getting progressively softer. Our society is like someone who has fallen asleep in a room with a gas leak. Someone had better open the windows. Fast.

—Bob Guccione, Jr.

Top left: Bon Jovi, (p. 46); top right: Quentin Crisp, (p. 70); center: Joe Ely, one of America's great rockers (p. 64); bottom: Tama Janowitz, on rock's sex goddesses (p. 54).



Aristos Marcopoulos



Lisa Houn



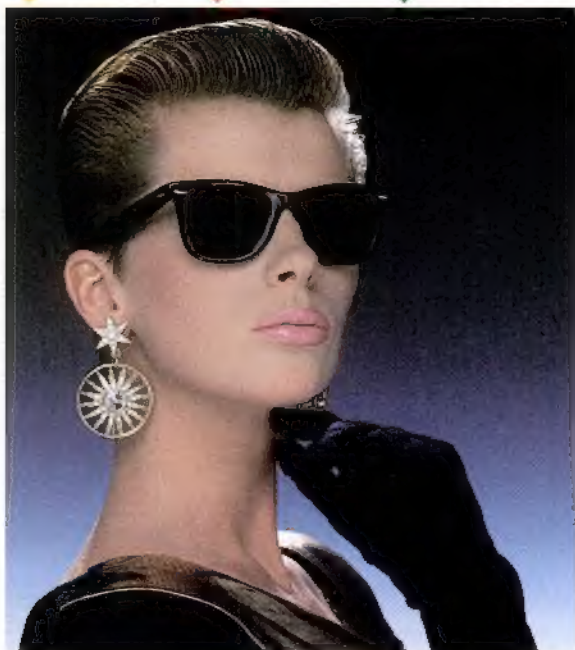
Alan Messier



Chris Carroll

SPIN ISSN 0896-3032, Volume 3, Number 1. © Copyright 1987 by SPIN Publications Inc. All rights reserved. Published monthly in the United States by SPIN Publications Inc., 1965 Broadway, New York, NY 10023-5965, tel. (212) 496-6100. Postmaster: Send address changes to SPIN Magazine, P.O. Box 10136, Des Moines, IA 50340-0136. Application to mail at second class postage rates pending at New York, NY, and additional mailing offices. Printed in U.S.A. Distributed in U.S.A., Canada, and internationally by Curtis Circulation Company, 21 Hamletton Drive, West Caldwell, NJ 07081, tel. (201) 227-5100. Editorial offices as above. Publisher disclaims all responsibility to return unsolicited editorial matter, and all rights in portions published vest in publisher. Entries to SPIN Magazine or its editors are assumed intended for publication in whole or in part and therefore may be used for such purposes. Letters become the property of SPIN. Nothing may be reproduced in whole or in part without permission from the publishers. Any similarity between persons or places mentioned in the fiction or nonfiction and real places or persons living or dead is coincidental. Subscriptions: U.S., AFO—\$24 for one year; Canada—\$30 for one year. Single copies: \$2.50 in U.S. and AFO; \$3.00 in Canada. Tel. 1-800-341-7378; in Iowa 1-800-233-6692. Advertising offices: New York—SPIN, 1965 Broadway, New York, NY 10023-5965, tel. (212) 496-6100; Midwest—Gertler/Kamline, 1309 North Rand Rd., Arlington Heights, IL 60015, tel. (312) 255-7500; Detroit—RPM Associates, 16297 Berkwood, Birmingham, MI 48009, tel. (313) 644-6380; West Coast—Cooley West, 411 South Natican Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90030, tel. (213) 937-4309. SPIN is a trademark of Bob Guccione, Jr.





## The word on the street is Street Neat.

Now the fabulous Wayfarer is restyled just for the fashion of it. Take a pair to the streets.

Ray-Ban Sunglasses by Bausch & Lomb are the 1985 Winners of the Council of Fashion Designers of America Award.  
For information, call: 1-800-828-1430 (Outside NY); 1-800-462-4893 (Within NY).  
Clothing courtesy of Sydney Carvin Milliken, Henry Lehr, Nicole Miller, Alicia Herrera.  
Accessories by Jay Feinberg and La Crasia.





# POINT BLANK



Anselmo Marzopoulas

## Letters

Edited by Karen J. Dolan

### The Juice is not so sweet

I have just seen the article by Oran "Juice" Jones in the February issue of your magazine. It brought to mind the words of a music professor of mine at the University of Chicago. The class was discussing the ability to overlook composers' personalities for the sake of appreciating the genius of the music. Oran "Juice" Jones has taken this idea one step further; I do not even want to hear his music if it has the same attitude as his words. It is bad enough that this man has been reduced to survival instincts, but it is truly nauseating to see the ramifications of this, via his attitude toward women. How frightening to realize that there is a man in this world who believes that the woman on his album cover has the dubious privilege of being his possession, "because she

remembers her place."

Beth Greenberg  
Tampa, FL

### Who's afraid of Duran Duran?

Thank God someone has finally stood above all the lousy rhetoric that has been passed around the last few years about Duran Duran. Duran started off as a college radio band and were hip to listen to. Their rise to stardom has made everyone cry "sell out." If Duran Duran wore jeans, cut their hair, and lived in Athens, Georgia, indie fans would be raving about them. Well Duran Duran has some guts and decided they also wanted to look good. Looking at today's bands you can't tell me that's not innovative.

Tony Evans  
Minneapolis, MN

It was both refreshing and a relief to read a positive and unbiased article about Duran Duran in a nationally published magazine. I am a 20-year-old male college student who for years was on the receiving end of scoffs and raised eyebrows when I would mention that Duran Duran is my favorite group and personal musical inspiration. Onlookers inquired why a nice young man from a predominantly blue-collar city extols those Englishmen who parade around in suits, wear makeup, and, God forbid, use synthesizers. Seriously, for too long the critics have been jaded toward Duran Duran. Maybe after reading your article, non-believers will finally open their ears, eyes, and minds to what we "teenyboppers" have known for a long time. Being young, innovative, wealthy, and good looking is nothing to be jealous of, but something to be enjoyed.

Richard W. Kozak, Jr.  
Lackawanna, NY

### Clean-cut over smut

Regarding Byron Coley's review of a-ha's *Soundtrack Days* and Poison Ideas' *King Of Punk* (February): What did your wasteful paragraph about *Star Hits* have to do with reviewing a-ha's album other than venting your frustrations and anger at a group that you regarded as *shit* from the beginning?! A-ha's members aren't noodle-thin sissies! They are three genuine musicians. Sure, their album may be pure pop confection that appeals to "youngsters," but it also appeals to older people who aren't "tugged in white Levi's." A-ha's new album surpasses their first one with better melodies, great hooks, and it keeps you moving.

Myles Gullette  
Lexington, KY

### Glad to be Green

Bravissimo. Your article on GangGreen (February) was terrific. It's about time somebody gave a beer-drinkin', ass-kickin' group a good review. I have seen them, all too many times, chastised by both local and national magazines. They are their lifestyle and I think that was reflected perfectly in the Disneyland episode. Don't let those guys with Mickey Mouse on their chests catch you drinking a beer, they might revoke your official Mouseketeer Club membership, aaaaaargh. Thumbs up to your article and GangGreen; THIS BUD'S FOR YOU . . .

Doug Linker  
Cincinnati, Ohio

Your article about GangGreen was a great example of the type of rabid

Oran "Juice" Jones: a truly nauseating attitude toward women?

attack on other cities with which New Yorkers must constantly diddle themselves in worthless attempts to justify their existence in their overpriced bore-ville of a city. Bostonians don't sit around dwelling on how obnoxious students are, they're too busy checking out the diversity and energy of a musical scene which constantly refuels itself and never seems to burn out.

Maureen A. Byrnes  
Boston, MA

### D.I.Y. radio

After reading "College radio crumbling?" (Flash, February), I had to sit down and take a deep breath and wonder if I was wasting my time reading SPIN or working at a college radio station. I have a "Flash" for you guys: ACRN, the All Campus Radio Network (located at Ohio University in Athens, Ohio), is all student-owned-and-operated just like WJPZ at Syracuse. We are located on the cable band, making ours the only college radio station of its type in the United States, have an all AOR format, and every bit of money we receive is through advertising sold by the station's sales staff or live remotes. We have been broadcasting for over 15 years on the cable. We here at ACRN have worked very hard to gain the status we now have as one of the most unique stations in the country. We hope you can understand our reasons for being offended by your calling WJPZ "The only student-owned-and-operated station in the country." However, congratulations to WJPZ for their bold move to a Top-40 format and best of luck to them.

Glenn Waldron  
Athens, Ohio

### Shape of the Sun

Byron Coley, something I thought you should know. You went on and on about the shape of Peter Prescott's hairdo ("Under the Volcano Sun," January), but the real underlying factor there is: the shape of his head. We have all marvelled at it for years.

Judy Grunwald  
(Salem 66)  
Brookline, MA

### Corrections

The "Sound FX" article in the March issue was written by Rich Stim. The photo of Gene Loves Jezebel on page 22 of that issue was taken by Lisa Haun.



# A WORD FROM "PYTHON" PISCOPO EX-WRESTLER ABOUT MILLER LITE



© 1986 Miller Brewing Co., Milwaukee, WI

## "DUH"\*

\*TRANSLATION: A SUPERBLY BREWED, FINE TASTING PILSNER BEER

Lil' Ed and the Blues  
Imperials, the War on  
Punk, Richard Kern's  
8mm Sleaze, Howard  
Finster, Japanese comics,  
Cowgirl Chic, New  
Model Army, Chubby  
Checker, *The Hollywood*  
*Kids* libel sheet,  
Contacting Elvis, Missed  
Information

EDITED BY JOHN LELAND

# FLASH

## BUFFING THE BLUES

LIL' ED AND THE BLUES  
IMPERIALS PREACH THE CAR  
WASH BLUES

By day, Ed Williams works as senior buffer at the Red Carpet car wash for almost \$200 a week. By night, he leads Lil' Ed and the Blues Imperials, the hottest young blues band in Chicago, and earns that much on a real good night. He hopes to quit his day job soon.

"It's just like the lottery," he says, flashing a boyish smile, his front teeth angling up and away from each other. "You win the big bucks, you quit your job."

Ed and the Imperials have just released their debut album, *Roughhousin'*, on Alligator but they've been together playing West Side gigs for as little as \$20 a man, for almost a decade. The experience has honed Ed's slide guitar to a sharp edge and made the band tighter than the drunks who smashed into their amps.

They play a brand of blues that goes back to the late Chicago slide guitarist J.B. Hutto, Lil' Ed's uncle. Ed still plays Hutto's guitar. "I wanted to do just like he did, be what he was. Besides the little music I heard from Muddy Waters and Elmore James, J.B. Hutto was my main influence." And you can hear that influence in Ed's music. For the Imperials, the most vital blues sound is still the basic boogie. Lil' Ed will never be mistaken for Robert Cray.

"I'm not a picker," he says. "I'm a slider. That sound just kills me. It makes my body rumble. I want to stay rough and wild, rough and rugged, baby."

"Ed is very determinedly retrograde," says Bruce Iglauer, president of Alligator. "He doesn't like a lot of new records. He's got very big ears; he listens to a lot of old blues records, and he hears them as starting points. He doesn't want to copy them. He wants to make them his own."

Ed wants a ticket out of the car wash, and one of his songs may get him out quicker than he plans. My boss, he's a mean old Jew, Ed sings in "Car Wash Blues." "If you're a minute late, the dirty dog wants to take an hour or two off."

"I don't think he's heard it yet," Ed says with a laugh. "And hope he doesn't hear it right now, 'cause he might just fire me. It wouldn't matter that much anyway, 'cause I'm ready to go. I want to be on the road, I want to make that money, I want to play my music."

—Don McLeese







Paul Nolani/Photo Reserve

## PUNKS, ARTISTS, AND ACTIVISTS FIGHT PUNK PREDICTABILITY

What's drier than a punk show? Not much, says Tim Yohannan, 41, editor of the Berkeley punk fanzine, *Maximum RockNRoll*. "Punk has become predictable, a cliché. Nowadays you can pretty well tell what a show will be like before you ever go to it. We intend to change that."

"We" is a coalition of punks, artists, political activists, and the *Maximum RockNRoll* family, who have rented a 3,000-square-foot warehouse in an industrial section of Berkeley. Since December the warehouse has put on shows every Friday and Saturday night without advertising its bills. People don't know what they're getting until they're inside. "This gives the warehouse an element of unpredictability and keeps it from becoming just another club," says Yohannan. "We don't want people to show up for what they know they like. Rather, we want to expose them to bands which they won't normally see, but would like."

If you don't like what you see, don't fret. An open-mike period follows every band's set. Members of the audience can comment on or criticize the band, and one band member gets equal time to respond. The space also offers video, film, comedy, one-act plays and poetry



Fred Meitz

readings. You must be a member of the warehouse to participate, which means shelling out two dollars and promising to adhere to three rules: no violence, no vandalism, and no alcohol.

Offstage it's up to the Mind Fuck Committee to "start or create a weird atmosphere." On tap is South Africa night: everyone will receive a racial classification at the door and be segregated for the remainder of the evening. "blacks" will be pulled out of the audience and interrogated. "We want to knock people out of their complacency without hurting them physically," says one committee member.

Far left: *Pride in his work*: Lil' Ed plays a tanfare for his most recent butf job; Above: Politically conscious clubgoers engaging in a rigorous self-criticism session at the *Maximum RockNRoll* warehouse in Berkeley

—Jack Rosenberger

# TALKING THREADS



Courtesy Warner Bros. Records

Smile when you saw that, pardner (L-R) Dolly Parton, Linda Ronstadt, and Emmylou Harris.

After eight years of talking about it, Dolly Parton, Linda Ronstadt, and Emmylou Harris have finally overcome scheduling problems, career conflicts, and record company disparities to collaborate on *Trio*, a collection of country ballads. The three appeared together on the American Music Awards in late January, but have no plans to tour or shoot a video. Hey, it was hard enough finding time to cut the record.

Small wonder. *Trio*, despite roots material suggested by Parton's mother, may not be the return to basics that fans hoped it would be, but all three singers sport great outfits on the cover. And clothes like these take a lot of time and effort.

We asked Katy K, custom western-wear designer and New York demi-celebrity, to critique the look. She was thrilled.

"I'm very pleased with the look," she says. "I like to see women in western clothes that aren't too Seventh Avenue. A lot of people make nice designs with rhinestones and everything, but then they use polyester. These outfits are more individual. It's going back to good western tailoring."

"Dolly is one of my role models. I love her hairdo. But I don't like that vest. The red looks too Jerry B of California square dance polyester fashion. I don't like vests on women with big breasts. The other thing that bothers me is her skirt. I don't excuse an A-line skirt on anybody. I'd like to see Dolly showing cleavage but in crinoline. I would like to dress her the way that Kitty Wells used to dress: very frilly instead of cowgirl."

"Linda's outfit I love. It almost goes back to the pictures of Audrey Williams wearing Nudie outfits. I love the appliqué with the rhinestones around it. I like the scarf; it's like Elvis in *Loving You*. But I don't like the Louise Brooks hairdo. She should save that till her '20s album."

"I love Emmylou's jacket. It's a combination maverick/teddy boy jacket. I wouldn't like to see her in a dress. I like to see her more masculine."

"I wish I could dress all three of them."

The expert has spoken.

—John McFarland

"I went to Pakistan on a black market run about seven years ago," remembers New Model Army singer/guitarist Slade the Leveller. "I stayed in a primitive, feudal-type village. The following month they were going to get electricity for the first time, and the first thing they were going to do was, day one, bang, watch videos of *Dallas*. It's the last fucking thing they need."

"They'll see these American soap operas, films that peddle cheap glamour, this rich rich rich, look at all the things you could own, lifestyles that are an illusion. They couldn't afford these things in a zillion years, but it changes the attitude of the people in this village straightaway."

Such proselytizing, found in abundance on the new *Ghost of Cain* LP, tends to get bands like New Model Army in trouble. Last year U.S. Immigration denied the English group

**A threat to American society:** New Model Army (L-R) Robb Heaton, Slade the Leveller, and Jason Harris prepare to interdict the Immigration Service



visas, citing a "lack of artistic merit." This from the people who let in Venom. To bolster their image, NMA performed at a poetry reading in the U.K., stopping in mid-set for Slade to tell the audience how much he hated poetry readings, and made it over the second time around. But they're still not sure about Immigration's decision to play rock critic.

"They're very paranoid societies we both

live in, really," says the Leveller. "Paranoid governments. I honestly can't see us as that much of a threat. If this government is actually frightened of what New Model Army might do to American society, then I'd be really pleased. I'd love to threaten you that much. I really would."

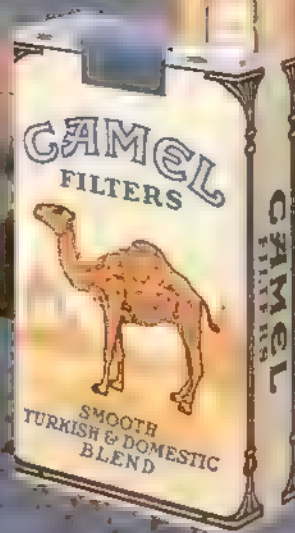
—Jack Rabid



SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette  
Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.

# CAMEL FILTERS

Share a new adventure.



# INTERVIEW WITH ELVIS

**E**lvis may be dead, but his spirit, according to certified psychic Rock Kenyon, is still around. Rock, in fact, thought he could arrange an interview with Elvis, so we went down to a studio apartment on 13th Street in New York City to check it out.

**ROCK KENYON** What I'm doing is called channeling. That means, I'm going to try to allow whomever entities who want to come through, come through. Now, if they sound too weird and my inner being feels uncomfortable with it, I may try to stop it, because I don't want to look like an idiot. The particular voice you'll hear, I don't suppose will be anybody's voice, but there will probably be overtones and hints to the manner of thinking or speaking. It isn't a movie. When a voice comes through, it doesn't come through the air; it comes through me. Unfortunately, I have a rotten voice, but I'm sure they'll do their best. I don't know. I've never been to one of these things. I've always been in an altered state of consciousness where I don't feel anything. But you'll see and tell me what happens.

*What happened was Rock turned off the lights, sat down on a chair, relaxed, and by letting go of his own concentration and his body, altered his state of consciousness. He looked just like the psychic on that Shirley MacLaine TV drama, Out on a Limb. A few moments later, a high voice with a Southern drawl issued forth from Rock Kenyon's mouth.*

**VOICE** I can't do it, Crud.

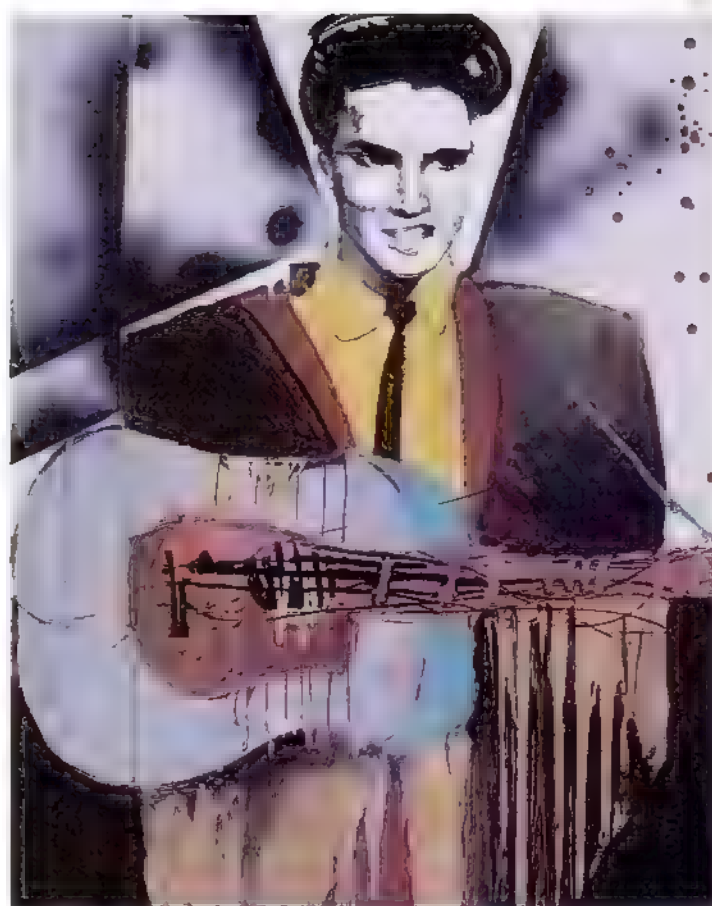
**SECOND VOICE** Elvis can't do it. His state of consciousness is

confused, and he's asked me to come through. He used to call me Crud. My name was Crudup.

*It was Arthur "Big Boy" Crudup, the country blues singer and author of Elvis's first recording, "That's All Right," who died in 1974. Rock's voice pronounced the name as it's spelled, although Crudup supposedly pronounced it crude-up.*

**SECOND VOICE** I wouldn't let anybody else call me Crud, but Elvis. Everybody else called me "Big Boy" because I was a big guy. Elvis used to come and hear me sing. I know a lot about him. What he did with his mind before he passed over is still influencing him. He would very much like to come through, but he can't formulate in words what he feels. He can communicate with me, to some degree. He wants me to tell you something about rock n' roll. It started in Mississippi. . . . Oh, all right. I'll tell you about him, although he probably wants me to let that go. Elvis was the most beautiful person I ever saw, which pictures of him just didn't capture. He had such physical beauty. His skin. His eyes. Everything about him. I called him Elvis Angel. He was so beautiful. He just loved the way we sang. We were the inspirations of his early works. Some of the songs were sung our way. "All God's Children Got Shoes," you know that one? That's what inspired "Blue Suede Shoes." There's another one, "Heartbreak Hotel." That was based on the song, "No Room in the Hotel." That's the story of Mary and Joseph. They went to Bethlehem and looked for this hotel, and there was no room.

In the beginning, it was mostly vocal music. Later on, the music moved forward to Chicago. That's where the guitar was added. Those



riffs, Muddy had a lot to do with it. Elvis, he started out as a fine, fine singer. But I been going longer than he, and I know a little more about what was going on and if you'd like to hear, I'd be glad to tell you. You see, there's a new times that's coming. We's got to take this new step forward, as people, and to do that, we need an energy and it's been decided that this new type of music was gonna provide that energy and it was gonna provide it all over the world. So Elvis was part of that movement. You can always tell somebody who's part of that movement, because of that special energy. Also, because of their looks. They don't look like men and they don't look like women. They got this both look. To start this new times, you need to have a balance. There's got to be a balance in people, in order to go forward. That's why this sex thing ain't such a big thing now. We come to a balance and Elvis was one of them. You can always tell, by the way they looks, and by their energy, that energy that's gonna move everyone forward to that new time. It's not just music. It's a new approach to life. Elvis knew that and took it on, but things just got people took advantage of him. He was used by people and he kind of went crazy. All these drugs. He

didn't know what to do. Then he grew old. It was so hard for him to look in the mirror. He used to shoot the mirrors. Did I tell you that? He used to take a gun and shoot when he saw his reflection, in the mirror, on TV. He couldn't stand the feeling of being old and fat. They used to give him stuff to calm him down that made him crazy. He kinda forgot about the new times, but he don't want you to forget them. Oh, my Elvis Angel! don't look like no angel now.

*Neither Rock nor Crud could tell us what Elvis looks like now, because Rock lost contact.*

**ROCK** But there's someone else who wants to come through.

*We were expecting Janis Joplin, but we were running late and Janis had other things to do. Rock hinted that the next guest would be John Lennon. We waited as Rock went back into an altered state of consciousness.*

**THIRD VOICE** You're going to be disappointed. I'm Brian Epstein, the man who discovered the Beatles. I'm someone everybody will hate.

*He was right, so we left.*

—Scott Cohen





CHOOSE YOUR CASSETTE TAPE  
AS CAREFULLY AS YOUR CASSETTE DECK.



If you own a deck like one of these, you were obviously concerned with low wow and flutter, extended frequency response, smooth tape transport and wide dynamic range. When it comes to choosing cassette tape, why behave any differently?

Denon's new High Density HD8 formulation is the finest high-bias tape you can buy. Its "High Technoroom" dispersion and binding plus its metal hybrid formulation guarantee digital level performance on the widest range of cassette decks (including yours). You can keep an eye on things through Denon's new giant window.

And enjoy your music knowing HD8 is guaranteed for a lifetime.

So how good is your cassette deck? With Denon HD8 it's better than you think.

# DENON

*Digital-ready tape from the first name in digital recording.*

## NO ACCOUNTING FOR BAD TASTE

**R**ichard Kern's grainy Super-8 films are like nasty little nightmares in which our dingiest, most repressed fantasies are realized. In *You Killed Me First*, a snotty brat blows away her obnoxious family. In their video to "Death Valley '69," Sonic Youth reenacts Mansonesque rituals. And in *Right Side of My Brain*, Lydia Lunch portrays an angst-ridden nymphomaniac. Exposing taboos left and right, Kern's cheesy exploitation flicks have been mistaken for subversive art by some of the East Village's more kinks-starved cognoscenti.

Kern has tried to rectify the matter with his latest offering, *Fingered*, in which Lunch plays a telephone-sex girl who meets up with a gun-toting customer. Giving off the sleazy chill of a Jim Thompson novel, the black-and-white movie is loaded with graphically ugly sex and violence—so much so that SST Records, which was slated to distribute *Fingered* on video, backed out at the last minute.

"I showed it in underground places where people thought they were seeing art films," snickers the slight and bespectacled Kern, sitting in a shadowy room of his tenement apartment, located on one of the East Village's more heroin-infested blocks. "I wanted to blow those people away, and *Fingered* really made them squirm. It's kind of a test to see how much you can take, whether or not you can really stand in the middle of the hurricane."

The visual hurricane reaches its peak at the movie's end when a teenage hitchhiker (Lung Leg) gets picked up and beaten up by Lunch and her muscular phone-friend. What makes the scene so unsettling is its cold-blooded authenticity. "Fake violence always looks fake," Kern says with a shrug, "so I like to do it for real. I'm pretty close to Lung, and it made me nervous to watch her getting all that abuse, but she knew in advance that she'd get knocked around."

Running only 20 minutes and paced like a car chase, *Fingered* is Kern's idea of what an action movie should be. "I wanted *Fingered* to be like a drive-in trailer, where all you see are the best parts. I wanted to capture all the action within a compressed period of time, to keep pushing things over the edge so that it has more energy, more violence, more excitement. More, more, more. . . ."

—Michael Kaplan



Kristina Carson

## SWEET DREAMS:

### REVEREND HOWARD FINSTER PAINTS A NIGHTSHIRT

"Reverend Finster wanted the shirt to be in the shape of a canvas," explains designer Amanda Uprichard. "Or a painting in the shape of a shirt, so whoever wore it would be a walkingpainting. We had to explain to Howard about patterns."

Georgia folk artist and real-life reverend Howard Finster (best known for designing Talking Heads' *Little Creatures* album cover) isn't about to become the new Keith Haring, but he has given Uprichard and her partner, Jim Spinks, original artwork specifically created for an Uprichard shirt—an oversized, collarless garment made of 100-percent cotton twill. The words "All People Is On This Road None Gets Off Road Of Eternity Goes On Into The Next World Be Ready" snake up the body; drawings of buildings and trees create the earthly realm which exists, quite logically, around the pelvis, while heaven rises up around the shoulders with Finster slogans like "Hope Is An Anchor To The Soul" and "Welcome To Paradise Garden." Sleeves are lined with cloud-faces.

Uprichard and Spinks are also working with Finster's artist grandson, Allen Wilson, who lives among the extended Finster family in Somerville, Georgia. They now carry Wilson's sculptural monsters, which have heads that twist off to reveal bottles, and are in the process of printing his monster drawings onto skirts, dresses, and shirts. "They're both incredibly excited about all of this," offers Uprichard. "Now Howard's talking about making children's tents. Diapers, even."

The 70-year-old reverend used to preach in churches until he realized that no one in the congregation remembered a word he said, explains Spinks. One day Finster was painting a bicycle and got paint on his fingers. When he set his thumb down on a piece of paper, he had a vision of a face in the thumbprint—a messenger from God telling him it was time to make art. "He still performs the occasional church marriage," says Spinks. "But he doesn't charge for it. He hates it when people take other people's money for no reason." (Available from Variety Stop, 147 Avenue A, NYC 10009, 212-477-3482).

—Katherine Dieckmann



Mark Spinks





## The Peachtree Fuzzy Navel.

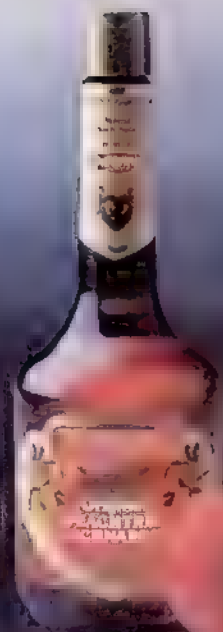
When the flavor of  
fresh-picked peaches  
meets orange juice,  
it's love at first sip.

1½ oz. DeKuyper®  
Original Peachtree™  
Schnapps.

Fill glass with orange  
juice. Serve over ice.

# DEKUYPER® ORIGINAL PEACHTREE™ SCHNAPPS

Bite into something wonderful.



DeKuyper® Original Peachtree™ Schnapps liqueur 40 Proof, 80% Alc/Vol. DeKuyper and Son, Cincinnati, OH.

# 少年 週刊 龍虎

定価 170円



No. 10

2月16日



# MANGA!

## Japanese comics rule

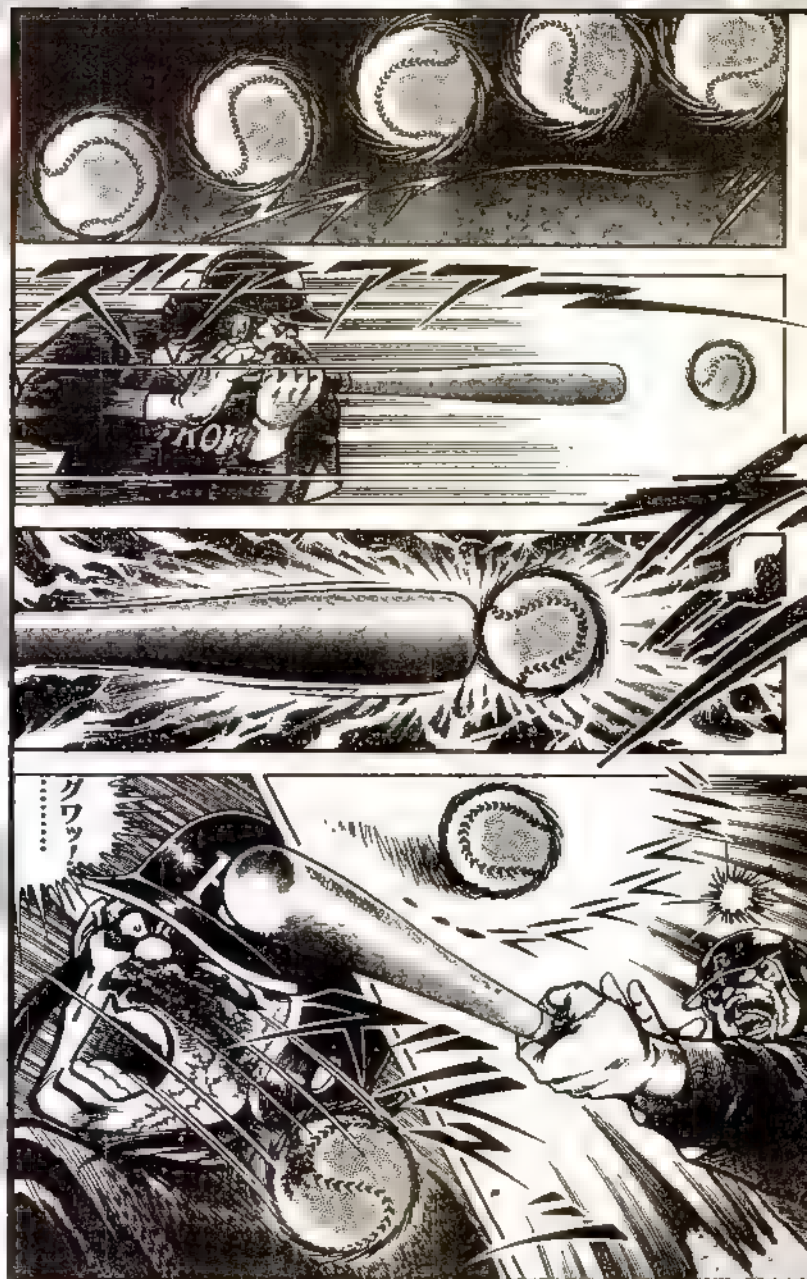
The American comic industry sells about 130 million books a year. Last year in Japan, comics readers bought over 1.5 billion books—or *manga*—most of them 200 to 300 pages long. That's ten comics a year for every person in the country, or, as Fredenk Schodt gleefully observes in his book *Manga! Manga!*, more wood pulp used for comic books than for toilet paper.

As pervasive as American TV, Japanese comics appeal to all ages and cover all subjects. Fishermen, "samurai men," mah-jongg players, students, sushi chefs, baseball fans—each group has its own manga, which include religious comics, romances, soft porn, and histories, besides the usual sci-fi and samurai genres. It's common to see a businessman and a schoolboy reading the same comic book, side by side.

Expanding on the interdependence of text and image inherent in the Japanese ideogram, and working under looser censorship codes, manga artists carry the comic book to an aesthetic level far beyond that of most of their American peers. Manga panels explore with cinematic detail, and rely only lightly on text. So you don't necessarily need to read Japanese to follow 'em.

If you can keep up with the excerpts on these pages, you may be ready.

—Fred Burke



# FUEL INJECTION FOR YOUR MUSIC

SHIFT INTO DIGITAL DRIVE WITH RECOTON'S CD ADAPTER

Accelerate into the digital dimension with Recoton's Compact Disc Adapter. Designed by award-winning audio engineer Larry Schotz, this versatile accessory delivers the full impact of digital sound—with no signal loss.

Just plug into the output jack of your portable CD player. Then insert the adapter into your car's cassette unit. No wiring. No permanent installation. Just pure pleasure. Pick one up today and we guarantee you'll never be driven to boredom.

**RECOTON®**  
**THE PROVEN PERFORMERS**

46-23 CRANE STREET, LONG ISLAND CITY, NY 11107  
1-800-833-8339





# CHUBBY CHECKLIST



Gary Gershoff/Reino

**IN THE BEGINNING:** You're talking to probably the biggest influence that music ever had. Everything that anyone has done since I came along has been because of me. The Beatles, Michael, everybody. Whenever there's been a beat in the music, and everyone starts to dance, it's because of me. "The Twist" was probably the most important song for the music industry in this entire century.

**MAN AND WOMAN:** The Twist was shaking your bodies at each other, which in 1960 was very, very sexy. People didn't do that. When people did the Twist, they wanted to lock them up for that.

Just like they wanted to lock up Elvis and they wanted to cut the Beatles' hair off.

**EVOLUTION:** What do you do after you invent the wheel? The electric light? I mean John Wayne made Westerns. Everyone has something that they do. And I've always thought if you have something you do, you should perfect it. Because with one thing, there are going to be a thousand things that come out of it. Like my dance, for instance. Look what's come out of it. There have to be five thousand products that came out of "The Twist" that people are still making money out of today.

"The Twist" wasn't just a song.

It became the vehicle for every record that was released from the time it came out until the present moment. You don't call the telephone an oldie.

**REVOLUTION:** We didn't do "The Twist." We did a revolution that is still happening. It was not "The Twist." "The Twist" was just the vehicle that created everything else.

**AND ON THE SEVENTH DAY:** I'm sort of changing my strategy now, and I think that soon, an interview like this won't be possible. If I have another hit record, I'm not going to be giving another interview.

—James Lilliefors

## YAKETY YAK

"We believe parents should determine what information they want to give their children about birth control."

—Stephanie Johnson, American Life Lobby, opposing television condom ads

"Well, in reality I don't stay that high, although I get high a lot, smoking a lot of pot is what I'm trying to say. That's what it comes down to, but that doesn't necessarily mean that I'm high."

—Jerry Garcia

## THE HOLLYWOOD KIDS: No better dish at any price

The following preview has been approved for audiences of all ages.

"This next story is one of the "hot-test" rumors going around Hollywood right now. But first let's go back in time, back to the '70s when director

**ROMAN POLANSKI** was arrested for child molestation [actually, statutory rape] with a 14-year-old girl. Now everyone knows that Roman fled the country. But what about that girl? Well rumor goes that this girl (now a young

lady in her early twenties) is a famous actress in a huge hit TV sitcom!?"

"Like we said, it's only a rumor but what a good one!"

You're ogling a rare printable excerpt from *The Hollywood Kids*, a photocopied bimonthly libel sheet scattered freely—and for free—throughout Los Angeles's least likely locations. For the Kids, three aspiring actors waiting for their big break, no rumor is too insubstantial, no dish too catty. Even unknown strippers from bygone eras are fair game; the Hollywood Kids know not the birds of cultural relevance. This is gossip for gossip's sake, and there is a dizzy poetry in the Kids' relentless unreliability. *The Hollywood Kids* is the

*Enquirer* on speed, filtered through a camp sensibility; instead of Tom Selleck's secret loves, they give you the word on Vanna White and Billy Hufsey "sucking tongues at Carlos N. Charlie's," or Liz Renay declaring Jerry Lewis "absolutely" the least capable famous man she's ever slept with.

For the Hollywood Kids, the thrill lies not in the dish but in the act of dishing. No other magazine in America takes you so low and makes you feel so good about it. And besides, where else could you learn that Warner studios is exclusively designing John Landis's conservative wardrobe for his *Twilight Zone* trial?

—John Leland

# INFORMATION

## MISSED

A black box marked **127 Fascination**, believed to contain **Jim Morrison's final works**, has surfaced in San Francisco. The **three surviving Doors**, as usual, claim that the writings **belong to them**. In a rare show of largesse, they've declared that they will **not reunite** to perform the works



Antler Catlin

▲ The **Time** will reunite to record an album (due for fall 1987 release) and shoot a film (winter '87). The cast: Day, his valet Jerome Benton, Jimmy Jam and Terry Lewis, Jesse Johnson, Jellybean Johnson, and Monte Moir. **Janet Jackson** will co-star. ▲ In a related non-event, **Prince** has announced that following the failure of *Under the Cherry Moon* and slipping sales of *Parade*, he will **not make another movie** this year. Unconfirmed rumor holds that **Sheila E** will play in Prince's new band. ▲ **Run-D.M.C.** will go celluloid in spring with **Tougher Than Leather** (Def Films), a *48 Hrs.*-style action adventure comedy. Also on tap for Def Films, the **Beastie Boys** in a haunted house comedy called *Scared Stupid* and **Oran "Juice" Jones** transcribing Hitchcock's *To Catch a Thief* from the Riviera to **Harlem**. ▲ And look for the **Fat Boys** to become the **fat Three Stooges** in *Disorderlies*, due out in August. ▲ **Sandra Bernhard** has teamed with pals the **Butthole Surfers** to desecrate Heart's "Barracuda." ▲ The **Replacements** have jettisoned guitarist Bob Stinson into his destined obscurity, splitting with him for artistic and alcoholic reasons. ▲ **Yoko Ono** has signed a publishing deal with Alfred A. Knopf. Current odds on her outselling May Pang are 4 to 1, but could change **radically** when her manuscript sees the light of day. ▲ **Hüsker Dü** refused their royalty check from *A Diamond Hidden in the Mouth of a Corpse*, a compilation album, saying they'd rather the money go to **AIDS research**. They then challenged the other artists on the album to do the same. So far William Burroughs, Laurie Anderson, Keith Haring, David Johansen, Diamanda Galas, Coil, Philip Glass, Meredith Monk, and Allen Ginsberg have all taken the challenge. ▲ **Bon Jovi** will play on and Jon Bon Jovi will coproduce the upcoming **Cher** album *No Lie*. ▲ **Holly Johnson** of **Frankie Goes to Hollywood** will put his enormous talent to the test and cut a solo record this spring. ▲ **Warren Zevon** will work with **R.E.M.**, Bob Dylan, and Neil Young, as well as players to be named later on his first album since the brilliant *The Envoy* in 1982. The new disc is due out in June on the new Virgin US label. ▲ **Squirrel Bait** have broken up. ▲ **South African** singer **Abigail Khubeka** checked into the hospital with **severe burns** in January after anti-apartheid activists, resenting her participation on the government-sponsored "Together We Will Build a Brighter Future" collaboration, bombed her Soweto home. This follows the December bombing of the home of participant Steve Kekane. Few concert promoters will book the artists who performed on the record, fearing similar reprisals. ▲ Maryland delegate Judith Toth, who introduced a bill last year that called for **jail sentences** for retailers who sell **state-designated obscene** records to minors, doesn't give up. Toth has resubmitted a version of the killed bill that eliminates the distinction between adults and minors. Some people have **no respect** for age. ▲

Frankie's Paul  
Rutherford makes  
Holly Johnson  
pay dearly for  
cutting a solo LP



# THE GREATEST OFFER IN RECORDED HISTORY.



## GET A FREE COMPACT DISC.

If you haven't listened to the Memorex® CDX II,™ you ain't heard nothing yet. And now's the time to try it. 'Cause we're making it part of an offer you can't refuse.

Buy one CDX-II tape and if you don't like it for any reason, send it back to us. We'll refund the purchase price

and postage. No questions asked.

But we're so confident you'll love the CDX II, if you buy nine more tapes, we'll buy you a copy of your favorite compact disc or L.P.—a savings of up to 16 bucks.

It's that simple.

Just see the in-store display

at your participating Memorex dealer for further details. But hurry. The deal expires July 31st, 1987. And you wouldn't want to miss out on such a great sounding offer.

**IS IT LIVE OR IS IT  
MEMOREX**

© 1987 MEMTEK PRODUCTS



# TWIST THE CAP, BEER ON TAP.

Fresh, smooth, honest-to-goodness draft beer. That's what's waiting for you under every cap of new Miller Genuine Draft. It's not heat-pasteurized, like most bottled beers. It's cold-filtered to give you the smoothness and freshness of draft beer straight from the tap.

**MILLER GENUINE DRAFT. IT'S BEER AT ITS BEST.**







Downtown New Orleans is the stomping ground of the Creoles, descendants of the Free People of Color, who outnumbered Caucasians in the city's early days and as late as 1850 formed the majority of local slave owners. The Emancipation Proclamation and the North's victory in the Civil War were less than joyous occasions in Creole circles. The proud Creoles found themselves demoted to the same social rank as their former slaves and "those crazy Uptown niggers."

Blacks from Uptown were generally thought to be dangerous and surly, perhaps because they had been the property of Uptown whites who were crass, ambitious, and fonder of their hounds than their slaves. The bad reputation persists today, although Uptown blacks will tell you that the *really bad* black people live in the Lower Ninth Ward, across the Industrial Canal, in Fats Domino's neighborhood. Either way, the Neville Brothers are Uptown.

Art, Aaron, Charles, and Cyril Neville are descendants of Uptown forebears, and except for Charles (who is now located, oddly enough, in Eugene, Oregon, and is fronting a band called Flambeaux, named after the torchbearers in New Orleans's carnival parades), the brothers live within a block of each other on Valence Street, in the heart of Uptown New Orleans.

The houses in the Nevilles' Uptown neighborhood

## UPTOWN AND DOWN

The Neville Brothers are a family affair. Are the brothers still doing it for themselves?

Article by Bunny Matthews

are mostly straight-and-narrow shotguns, so dubbed because buckshot could be fired through the front door and out the back without disturbing any of the interior walls. Shotguns come in numerous pastel colors, their vibrancy dulled by the fierce subtropical sun. Because shotguns are so long and narrow and crammed together, many owners paint nothing but the front façade of their homes, figuring that the only person who ever braves the banana trees and elephant-ears to see the side of the house is the meterman from the utility company, who isn't a welcome guest anyway. Time, in New Orleans, is reserved for partying, preparing to party, and recuperating from partying. No matter how lowly, no man's time is worth wasting painting the side of a house or getting greasy and cut up slipping a new engine into the family coupe. There are bands to hear, things to eat, parades to see, a thousand relatives to visit. The Protestants have been outnumbered since New Orleans's earliest days and their work ethic never quite caught on.

The Neville Brothers were raised in the Calliope Housing Project, in the territory of the Mardi Gras

*Three of the four reigning princes of the New Orleans musical monarchy (l-r) Cyril, Aaron, and Art Neville*

Indian tribes, who settled scores with pistols and ice picks while costumed in beaded and feathered interpretations of Sioux battle fatigues (the feathers were mail-ordered from a wholesaler in Brooklyn who, no doubt, was puzzled by the massive need for pink and turquoise ostrich plumes in Louisiana). From Indian chants and challenges were born many of the finest New Orleans rhythm and blues songs. "Hey Pocky Way," a staple of the Nevilles' repertoire, is the progeny of "Tu-way pa-ka way," which has been sung by Mardi Gras Indians since the beginning of this century.

Art, the oldest of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur L. Neville, Sr.'s four sons, was first to enter the recording studio—or to be precise, the two-microphone studio of New Orleans radio station WVEZ. The station's top DJ, Jack the Cat (competing for air supremacy against Poppa Stoppa, Chubby Buddy, and Okey Dokey) composed "Mardi Gras Mambo" in 1954 and recruited Art and his band, the Hawketts (most of whom were still enrolled in high school), to record it. The lead track on Rhino's recent two-LP Neville family scrapbook, *Treacherous*, it remains a popular item on radio playlists each year during the carnival season. (True to its New Orleans lineage, *Treacherous* is the party album supreme.) The first honking notes of "Mardi Gras Mambo" are a reveille call to masqueraders everywhere, followed by Art's coolly sung "Down in New Orleans where the blues was born, it takes a cool cat to sing a song . . ." Such is the Neville family creed: Maintain Thy Cool. The Nevilles have worn many hats, donned a multitude of hairstyles, been ripped off, dabbled in crime, gone to jail, toured the world, made friends in high places and low, starred in a 501 jeans commercial and, above all, created some miraculous music.

The success of "Mardi Gras Mambo" insured employment for the Hawketts and a solo recording contract for Art with Specialty Records, home of Little Richard. Art's flight to stardom met a temporary obstacle in 1958 when he landed in the U.S. Navy for three years, surrendering leadership of the Hawketts to his younger brother Aaron, possessed of the sweetest, most bizarre voice in New Orleans.

The typical New Orleans singer started singing loud and early, in church. Two of the strongest influences upon Aaron's vocal style were cowboy yodelers Gene Autry and Roy Rogers; in tribute thereof, Aaron has been known to perform, in con-temporary times, a stirring "Home on the Range."

When Aaron wasn't singing like a lonesome cowboy, he was behaving like a rowdy outlaw. In 1959, he got married and served six months in Orleans Parish Prison for auto theft. The dagger tattooed across his left cheek was obtained in jail, drawing attention away from the prominent mole above his right eye, the growth that had earned him the sobriquet of "Moleface." Henceforth, Aaron was "Apache Red," a badass Uptown Indian who sang like a cowboy Sam Cooke.

"Over You," Aaron's initial post-prison release, was the first of many collaborations with Allen Toussaint and reached No. 21 on the national R&B charts in 1960. In 1965, following a two-year hiatus from the recording studio, Aaron reluctantly cut "Tell It Like It Is," a song composed by Lee Diamond and guitarist George Davis, who had been the alto saxophonist in the original Hawketts. The local legend is that "Tell It Like It Is" sold 40,000 copies in New Orleans the week it was released. By March of 1967, it was No. 2 on the national pop charts, beaten for the top spot by the Royal Guardsmen's bubble-gummy "Snoopy Versus the Red Baron." Another local legend, denied by Aaron, is that his dagger tattoo prevented him from appearing on *American Bandstand*, as Dick Clark was fearful of the sort of image this might project to America's Youth.

Meanwhile, brother Charles had left home at 14 to get married and perform with one of the last of the black vaudeville minstrel shows. Art had returned

from his navy tour, and with Aaron and little brother Cyril formed the eight-piece Neville Sounds. Eight players were four too many for the stage of the Bourbon Street club where Art had been offered a gig so Aaron and Cyril split to form the Soul Machine, leaving their sibling with the most devastating rhythm section in New Orleans's musical history: guitarist Leo Nocentelli, bassist George Porter Jr., and drummer Joseph Modeliste, better known as "Zigaboo."

"Discovered" by Allen Toussaint and renamed the Meters (the first name to come out of the proverbial hat), Art's minimalist band was an innovating force in the development of funk. Art's theory of funk was that every instrument was a drum; that the entire band was a drumset; that the idea, to quote from one of the Meters' funkier discs, was to "Ease Back." If there was a lead instrument in the Meters' sound, it

**Time, in New Orleans, is reserved for partying, preparing to party, and recuperating from partying.**



Leslie Franklin

was George Porter's hard-plucked bass. Cameo's "Candy," for example, sans the advanced electronics, is how the Meters sounded 20 years ago, jamming for drunk conventioners and B-girls in the French Quarter.

During the day, the Meters were Toussaint's house band, backing Dr. John, Labelle and Lee Dorsey Robert Palmer, cutting his first solo album, voyaged to New Orleans and hired the Meters, aided and abetted by guitarist Lowell George, who subsequently supplied the slide guitar for the Meters' *Rejuvenation* album, the Beethoven's Ninth of Funkdom. Produced by Toussaint and the Meters, the record was revolutionary in its sparseness and syncopation. At the end of one side, the Meters were proclaiming: "Jungle Man—that's what I am!" And at the end of the other, going a step further than James "Say It Loud!" Brown, the Meters were proposing repatriation to "Africa." The album's cover captured a Funk Princess in all her baroque splendor: clad in a necklace of feathered roach-clips, pantyhose, and jewel-studded platform pumps; a bottle of Ripple, a slice of watermelon, and two pink Hostess cupcakes on the coffee table; a record in the right hand, the left fondling a Twinkie. Back to Af-

Above: The Nevilles in action (L-R) Daryl Green, Aaron Neville, Charles Neville, and Brian Stolz. Right page: Aaron Neville.

rica in your own Uptown crib with crushed velvet upholstery and gilt mirrors on the ceiling. Or, as the Meters sang on their first Warner Brothers album: *Gettin' Funkier All The Time!*

Although they were getting funkier and famous for it, the Meters were not getting rich. Cyril had joined the band in 1975 as percussionist/vocalist and the band had toured Europe as the Rolling Stones' opening act. But the albums, despite the hip rhythms and the hip marketing of Warner Brothers, were not charibusters. And anyway, Art had another, better idea: an all-family band.

The new band would combine the Meters' percussive rhythms, Charles's saxophone, Aaron's vocal gymnastics, Cyril's dancing, and songs inspired by exploits of the brothers' uncle, George "Big Chief Jolly" Landry and his tribe of Mardi Gras Indians, the Wild Tchoupitoulas. It was as Indians that the Nevilles first recorded as a family quartet in 1976. Soon after Island Records released *The Wild*




Tchoupitoulas that year, the brothers began making appearances with Uncle Jolly in full Indian regalia. Conservative Indians shook their heads when they learned that the upstart Tchoupitoulas were committing the sacrilege of wearing Indian "suits" at times other than Mardi Gras and St. Joseph's Day, and for purely theatrical reasons. A proper Indian brave never wears the same color feathers two years in a row; the Nevilles were wearing the same suits every evening, in nightclubs from Uptown to Your Town. It was heresy, thought the conservatives—but then how can a grown man marching around in aquamarine feathers remain conservative? In any case, and perhaps sensing that the costumes were getting more attention than the music, the Indian suits were phased out after the death of Jolly.

Now officially called the Neville Brothers, with a home base at Tipitina's—the neighborhood bar and former site of Ku Klux Klan potluck dinners—the band was a dancer's dream. The Nevilles had gone Back to Africa and dropped it into the lap of the new class of pre-yuppies who had moved Uptown to settle, renovate, and drive property values through the stratosphere. Under the influence of the Nevilles, these otherwise normal Caucasians glided about the club's dance floor like alligators slipping through swamp muck. In New Orleans, then across the land and over the oceans, the Nevilles' gospel was spread. Aaron made the succinct announcement: "The Neville Brothers band right now is at this moment the baddest fuckin' band in the world."

The perplexing part of the Nevilles' saga is that, aside from Aaron's "Tel! It Like It Is," which was the No. 2 song in the nation for a while in 1966, the Neville Brothers have yet to connect with the American teen masses, those nomads with big horsepower and fashions by Espnt. Not that the Nevilles and their various producers and henchmen and managers and devotees haven't tried: *Treacherous* demonstrates 24 different variations on the Nevilles theme—from the classicism of Art's "All These Things" to Allen Toussaint-produced Romantic Gothicism ("Hercules" and "The Greatest Love," both sung by Aaron) to Uptown Indian calypso ("Meet De Boys On the Battlefield," as recorded by the Wild Tchoupitoulas) to the morosely saccharine "Ananne" to the Hollywood treatment (various productions by Jack Nitzsche and Joel Dorn) to live-at-Tipitina's, as captured on "Nevilleization."

*Uptown*, the Neville Brothers' new album on Rounder/EMI America, tries a novel approach to marketing these cultural oddities. By stripping them of all but the most subtle New Orleanianisms, the Nevilles sound like Journey. Or Rick Springfield. Or instant mashed potatoes. There were no real drums, one heard, only the synthetic whomp of ball-peen hammers colliding with sheet metal.

No drums?! I'm afraid it's true—what we have here is robotized Nevilles, rhythms so simple that one need not pay attention. Perhaps they are counting on videos—a format yet to be Neville-ized—to arrest the minds of young America. Aaron, with his facial tattoos, disguised as his patron saint, St. Jude, benefactor of the impossible cause, swinging down through the clouds on a Peter Pan harness, crashing into a banquet table piled with boiled crawfish and redheaded startlets marinated in baby oil. What's that he's lip-synching? Dobie Grey's "Drift Away," the third corniest song of all time? Man!

In reality, Aaron would never stoop to such a burlesque. The Nevilles are a prideful tribe, funky pillars of their Uptown community. When Cyril sings "I'll do whatever it takes!" on the new album, he's crossing his fingers behind his back. The faithful know that the brothers' forays into prefabricated funkdom are mere diversionary tactics, intended to capture the non-New Orleanians of the world, who will be given progressively more potent doses of the True Gumbo as time goes on. It's a simple process known as Neville-ution. 



David Gahr

**Art's minimalist band was an innovating force in the development of funk. His theory was that every instrument was a drum; that the entire band was a drumset.**

# TIMBUK 3

HAI RSTYL E S AN D ATT ITUDE S



*new single*  
*from the i.r.s. album, "greetings from timbuk3"*  
*compact disc available now.*

 **irs-5739**



**TIMBUK 3 NOMINATED FOR GRAMMY AWARD/BEST NEW ARTIST.**



Matt Johnson served his time as a solitary young brooder. Now he's a one man multimedia industry.

Article by Lynn Geller



## THIS IS THE THE

Every once in a while deprivation leads to revelation, which is perhaps what the Christian martyrs meant when they devised hairshirts. In the case of the young Matt Johnson, deprivation took the form of a moped, which his parents steadfastly refused him. At the time, he was a 15-year-old high school dropout living in a suburb of East London with three brothers and his parents. He was "a bit of a lout," hanging out with the gangs, nicking watches and throwing them into ponds, smashing cars. And then, without a mode of transportation, he was forced out of "the herd mentality." He began spending a lot of time in his bedroom just, well, thinking. "I don't know about what," he says, "but that period changed everything. I went and got a job in a recording studio. And when I wasn't working, I was at home, being introspective, reading. I'd always been in bands since about age eleven. I knew that's what I wanted to do somehow. Well, I couldn't do anything else anyway." In 1979, taking advantage of the

punk explosion, when the British *New Musical Express* encouraged young musicians by running free ads, he recruited a band he named The The from those responding to his request for "fans of Syd Barrett, The Velvet Underground, and Throbbing Gristle. Enthusiasm more important than ability." After releasing an independent single, "Controversial Subject," in 1980, it became more and more apparent that Matt, as lead singer, songwriter, arranger, and producer, was developing at a different speed than his bandmates. The band stopped performing and he released a solo album *Burning Blue Soul*, where, like Prince's early efforts, he was responsible for everything. The The continued to exist as an entity, but the entity was Matt Johnson, with a shifting cast of supporting musicians. The only other constant was his manager, Stevo, who also manages Marc Almond and Cabaret Voltaire, as well as heading the Some Bizarre label in Britain. Famous for his provocative behavior—he once stood on top of a desk belonging to a certain record

company president and spontaneously relieved his bladder—Stevo was accused in the early days of being Matt's Svengali. Watching the two of them together, the relationship now appears to have settled into a comfortable battle of egos—the flamboyant businessman and his willful protégé. In 1984, Johnson's critical stock had been boosted by the release of *Soul Mining*, an LP of technical wizardry deepened by some unexpectedly tender and intimate songwriting. But even then Matt had something else up his sleeve, something larger, more all-encompassing, something "multimedia that would be big enough to confront the major issues." He wasn't kidding.

After two and a half years of working with three record producers, 62 musicians—including an 18-piece orchestra—and five video directors filming in four different countries, the result is an LP and full-length video both called *Infected*. Needless to say, it's an ambi-

*continued on p. 95*

# Newport



*Alive with pleasure!*

*After all,  
if smoking isn't a pleasure,  
why bother?*



SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette  
Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.

Box 16 mg "tar", 1.1 mg nicotine Kings 17 mg  
"tar", 1.2 mg nicotine, 100's 18 mg "tar", 1.5 mg nicotine  
av. per cigarette. FTC Report February 1985



# SOUL GOD

Shaped by the spirit  
of the great soul girl groups  
and the divas of  
R&B, polished in the Apollo  
Theater and on the  
black circuit, Luther Vandross  
now navigates  
the crossover streams

**O**f course, there  
has been scandal. On January 12, 1986,  
Luther Vandross's Mercedes swerved out  
of control in one of those Hollywood  
canyons, hit several cars, and in the col-  
lision his best friend, Larry Salvemini --  
the older brother of Jimmy Saverna -- a  
Junior Star Search finalist whose album  
Vandross was producing -- was killed.

"I don't like to talk about it," Vandross

Article by Barry Waters



says. "I used to say, 'Next question.' I know you have to ask. I understand. But I broke three ribs, a hip bone, my face was all scarred, and my best friend died. How do you think it made me feel?" He lets out a nervous, wounded chuckle. "Next question."

Vandross isn't accustomed to the tough questions. As a black star who previously sold almost exclusively to blacks, most of the journalists he has dealt with have been with black magazines, which usually treat subjects reverently. But now that he's crossed over, as the soul voice of the '80s, writers ask Vandross to give the reasons, to borrow the title of his new album. And when he is asked the tough questions, the Soul God cringes.

After the accident, Vandross was charged with vehicular manslaughter when an analysis of the Mercedes's skid marks showed that his car was traveling 49 mph in a 30 mph zone. ("He doesn't speed," his mother had insisted, "I taught him how to drive and women do not speed. When he's in a taxi that's speeding, he'll ask to get out. He doesn't drink or do drugs. I don't think he even had his Diet Coke that day.")

Jimmy Salvemini also contends that Vandross was not speeding. Vandross's manager Shep Gordon did some checking and discovered that 22 other people had died in similar accidents at that same spot. Still, Vandross was tried last December, and though the charges were dropped, his license was suspended for a year. Some say the city gave Vandross a hard time because he's a black celebrity.

"It was an unfair, unjust thing to do," says Vandross. "I used to drive every day. I never speeded. I didn't boogie down the freeway. But driving was soothing. I won't be able to drive until December, which sucks."

**H**e was born Luther Ronzon Vandross, Jr., fourth child and second son of a carpenter and a housewife in a housing project on New York's Lower East Side.

"God only knows why she named me Ronzon," Vandross sighs with mock tragedy. "She must have been both delirious and hungry when she came up with that one."

Luther, Sr., died when his son was eight years old. "He was a crooner," recalled Mrs. Vandross, a recently ordained Baptist minister and chaplain, "and I sang gospel." At three, Luther had his own phonograph, taught himself to play the piano by ear (rock 'n' roll hits like the Isley Brothers' "Twist and Shout" and "Workout" by Baby Washington) and tagged along with his older sister Pat, who belonged to a doo-wop group called Johnny Maestro and the Crests (they scored two hits with "The Sweetest One" and "My Juanita").

"We used to rehearse in the hallway of my building," Pat explains. "The echo was fabulous! But my mother made us come in, so we'd rehearse in the living room. I'd chase Luther out, but he'd always sneak back in to listen and watch. He was soaking it in."

His sisters Pat and Ann began taking Vandross to the Apollo Theater and to a theater in Brooklyn to see Dionne Warwick or Aretha Franklin. *Music* was Luther's religion. "It was not into sports," he admits. "I wasn't out in the park playing basketball with everybody. I was upstairs listening to the Shirelles."

"I can't name you one male singer who influenced me. Who in the world knows why. That might take Dr. Joyce Brothers and you coming from different sides to figure it out. I think female singers were the most expressive—they were *allowed* to be the most expressive. You know all the restrictions put on males in general, so of course that extends over into pop music. For a long time there was no vulnerability in music, because males were made to cover and not express vulnerability. You see, vulnerability is one end of the spectrum and total security is the other end. Males tend to sing about total security, whereas females sing about the entire range and dynamics of emotion. And I think that's what I liked."

"He has never, ever, ever sung gospel," Mrs. Vandross emphasized. Although her youngest son occasionally sang at the Mott Haven Reformed Church in the



Courtesy of Epic Records

Bronx, the songs he interpreted were always secular pop songs that were appropriate in church, such as "Bridge Over Troubled Water," which he probably learned from Aretha, not Simon and Garfunkel. He always sang solo, never with a gospel choir. "You must understand that Luther didn't learn how to sing in church," Mrs. Vandross made clear. "He taught himself how to sing by listening to Dionne Warwick and Aretha Franklin records at home."

"I loved what Aretha Franklin could do," Vandross continues, "when she went from saying she was soooo hurt by something, to saying in the same song that she was never gonna let it happen again, and ended the song by saying, 'I don't know what I'm gonna do about it.' Oh puh-lease, you can't beat that."

As the political black male became more aggressive in the late '50s and early '60s with the civil rights and Black Power movements, so did the vocal style of black male singers. Little Richard's screams may have been grounded in multi-fruited sexual ambiguity, but James Brown's declamatory delivery came out of an assertion of black certainty. And while Nat "King" Cole sang "Mona Lisa" by inflecting every phrase as if posing the eternal questions about women, Brown's "It's a Man's Man's, Man's World" left little room for doubt.

Because they often bore the brunt of that pumped-up male pride, black female singers were adroit at exploring more complicated, even contradictory emotions. Many of the Supremes' and Dionne Warwick's songs particularly those that so affected Vandross, were devoted to contemplating doubt and despair. "Where Did Our Love Go," "I Just Don't Know What to Do with Myself," "Nothing But Heartaches," "I'll Never Fall in

Love Again"—those gloomy titles were ostensibly about hopeless love. But sung by Warwick or Ross, they also implicitly reflected the anxieties of belonging to a long-suffering minority group.

From that perspective, Vandross is more Dionne Warwick than he is Teddy Pendergrass. Although he tends to be admired for what is usually considered traditional balladry, his unassuming way with a song establishes a break from the tradition established by soul singers before him, redefining in the '80s what a black man may represent. It's the man who's left at home, pining away in domestic despair while his woman flies about pursuing her career. It's the man who falls instantly and totally, who is utterly dependent on the woman's affections, whose world collapses when he discovers she's been untrue, and who still begs to be taken back.

"I'm not coming from a James Brown-sy, Teddy Pendergrass-y, Barry White-y place that says, 'Can't you see how good I am for you?' or 'I can't get enough of your love, baby' or 'Do it to me some more,'" Vandross says, mimicking as he illustrates his point. "That whole stance is like, 'I'm gonna be in town, so be ready to service me.' That's not my perspective."

Vandross's influence can't be overestimated. His arrival in 1981 as a solo singer with the album *Never Too Much* heralded the return of an era in R&B—that of black balladeers. But with a difference. Crossover, the Promised Land of black singers, the milk-and-honey dream of pop success. Until recently, artists like Billy Ocean, Freddie Jackson, Carl Anderson, Gregory Abbott, Jeffrey Osborne, James Ingram, and others had caught the attention of a white audience better than Vandross himself. But *Give Me The Reason* has become his first cross-



## Vandross isn't accustomed to tough questions and now that he's crossed over, writers ask him for reasons.

over hit, having sold more than 2 million copies as of February

Vandross and his collaborators, Marcus Miller and Nat Adderly, Jr., rarely write immediately captivating hooks or create gimmicky attention-grabbing arrangements. Vandross's music depends on subtlety and maturity, its appeal often revealing itself only after repeated plays. That's one reason why his long-players hang around *Billboard's* black chart well over a year. He controls every aspect of his presentation: songwriting, production, arrangements, and the choice of his ensemble of musicians and back-up singers. In his concerts on record, you get the uncompromised, uncrossed-over Vandross

While he was still in high school, Vandross began writing his own songs. He formed his first group with two of his friends, Carlos Alomar, who became David Bowie's long-standing guitarist, and Robin Clark, now Jim Kerr's gospel-voiced alter-ego for Simple Minds.

"Luther and I were in the same college preparatory program at Fordham University called Upward Bound," says Alomar. "It was for poverty-stricken kids to get 'em outta the ghetto. I was his guitar player for a group named Shades of Gray."

"Shades of Jade," Clark corrects. "They used to wear green satin shirts and green patent leather shoes. The worst green you have ever seen."

"Then," Alomar continues, "Luther said, 'Look, I'm in this gospel-style group, Listen My Brother, at the Apollo Theater. You should join.' So I went down to the Apollo basement and that's where I met Robin."

"Everything we do now we were trained for way back then. For homework, we'd go upstairs to the Apollo and see the Temptations, Nancy Wilson, Dionne Warwick. Here I was, a 16-year-old, from Spanish Harlem, walking in and being accepted as a regular. And remember what time we're talking about—the total black awakening of America. The Black Panthers are on the corner of 125th Street, James Brown is singing 'I'm Black and I'm Proud,' and all the kids are getting Afros because they want to bring out their blackness. And here we are, under the wing of the Apollo. We were right up there. I was wearing a dashiki and I didn't know why. A Puerto Rican guy. But that was part of our awareness. We were the opening act for Sly and the Family Stone!"

"Playing eight shows a day," Clark adds.

"We'd do the 'I'm-gonna-make-it drama,'" Vandross explains, "where one of us would walk down the street and the other would play the antagonist and say, 'Look at you. You're worth nothing!' And the other one would have to say why he thought he was gonna make it. I hated that part."

Listen My Brother helped Vandross get his first break when they appeared on the very first episode of *Sesame Street* and, with a sound and style similar to late '60s Temptations, but simpler, sang with religious fervor—about the alphabet. As the group's biggest member by far, Vandross was stuck in the back, baby fat bouncing. But in a second segment, filmed a year later, a noticeably thinner Vandross and Clark dueted with a gospel gutsiness that Clark later brought to Simple Minds, but that Vandross would soon refine away.

"Luther is an ignorant fool! Will you please print that?" begs Adderly, a former Listen My Brother member, son of a jazz trumpet player and nephew of legendary bebop alto saxophonist Cannonball Adderly. And Vandross's co-writer and arranger has a point. Vandross likes to play dumb when he wants to protect himself

"I'd be a walking basket case if I suffered through all the things that I write about," says Vandross.

"Isn't 'My Sensitivity (Gets in the Way)' autobiographical?" I ask.

"I must say that that song is unconditionally autobiographical. And I've done everything it describes. Oh, please." His defenses dropped, Vandross continues. " 'So Amazing' [on *Give Me The Reason*] is another. Usually the songs I write by myself can be autobiographical—sometimes."

Vandross has a controlling personality. As his credits that cover most aspects of his presentation testify, he likes to be in charge. He often gets what he wants quite innocently, even passively. He's highly emotional, and his speaking voice flows as effortlessly as his singing voice, skipping up and down in pitch, yet still almost musical. That kind of energy is engaging, absorbing, easy to get lost in. He guides a conversation where he wants it to go, afraid to venture too deeply, especially into himself.

"I'm not very self-analytical. Certain movies make me sad. And holidays when the streets empty out. Do I sound like I'm being evasive? That's because you're asking questions I'd rather not answer too personally."

After Listen My Brother broke up, Vandross put in a brief stint at Western Michigan University in Kalamazoo, but soon realized school wasn't for him.

"I took maybe a month of theory and two or three voice lessons, and I was just bored into oblivion. I was saying to myself, 'Oh, please! I know that Aretha Franklin ain't sittin' up in some place going [singing a warm-up exercise] la-la-la-a-la-la-la-la. Oh please! Later for that.'"

Vandross went through a number of humdrum jobs, one at a second-rate department store in New York, another at S&H Green Stamps, filing defective merchandise forms. Meanwhile, Alomar went to work for Bowie. His understated, percussive style was perfect for Bowie's next incarnation as blue-eyed disco-soul man, so in 1974 Bowie took Alomar to Philadelphia's famous Sigma Sound Studio, home of the "Philly Sound" hits by MFSB, the O'Jays, the Three Degrees, and dozens of others, to produce his *Young Americans* album. Vandross and Clark tagged along for moral support as it was being recorded.

"I said to Robin, 'What if there was a phrase that went, 'Young Americans, young Americans, he was the young American—all right!' Now, when 'all right' comes up, jump over me and go into harmony.'"

Bowie overheard them and asked the pair to join the session. Vandross had just improvised the hook line Bowie was looking for, that would provide him with his first massive radio hit.

On song after song Bowie consulted Vandross, who eventually arranged all the vocals and sang back-up with Clark on the entire album. While Alomar wrote an even bigger hit, "Fame," with Bowie and John Lennon, Vandross contributed "Fascination." Originally, it was called "Funky Music," a love song about music, and what it meant to Vandross. But Bowie rewrote most of the lyrics to better serve his revisionist soul-boy purposes. (During the same sessions, Vandross remembers meeting another unknown who had written a song Bowie recorded but never released called "It's Hard to Be a Saint in the City"—Bruce Springsteen.)

Bowie took Alomar, Clark, Vandross, and many of the other *Young Americans* sessioners with him on the road. Vandross soon became Bowie's opening act. A though he was often greeted with boos, Vandross recalls the tour as a testivity. On the album he was the vocal arranger, but on the road he became the vocal rearranger. Bowie knew instantly what it would take: record executives years to find out: the more Vandross is in charge, the better his work, and the more he gives what everybody wants.

"Bowie would always come in the room where we

continued on page 97

### "JOE ELY: LIVE FROM TEXAS"

60 minutes of Joe's sizzling Texas rock!

Including:

- "Cool Rockin' Loretta"
- "Fingemails"
- "Hard Livin'"
- "Musta Notta Gotta Lotta"
- "Dallas"

**SPECIAL OFFER**  
**2 HOT VIDEOS**  
Digitally recorded • Stereo • Full-color  
**ONLY \$19.95 each**

### "FURTHER ON DOWN THE ROAD"

90 minutes of genuine house rockin' music!

Including:

Albert Collins and The Icebreakers

- "Master Charge"
- "Frosty"

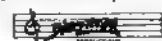
Lonnie Mack's

- "Oreo Cookie Blues"
- "Satisfy Susie"

Roy Buchanan's

- "Green Onions"
- "When a Guitar Plays the Blues"

To order your copies, send a check or money order with this form to:

  
c/o Praxis Media Inc.  
18 Marshall Street  
South Norwalk, CT 06854

☐ Please send \_\_\_\_\_ Joe Ely cassettes on \_\_\_\_\_ VHS or \_\_\_\_\_ Beta

☐ Please send \_\_\_\_\_ "Further on Down the Road" cassettes on \_\_\_\_\_ VHS or \_\_\_\_\_ Beta

Enclosed is \$19.95 for each cassette, plus \$3.50 each postage and handling, for a total of \$ \_\_\_\_\_

Name: \_\_\_\_\_ Phone: \_\_\_\_\_

Street: \_\_\_\_\_

City: \_\_\_\_\_ State: \_\_\_\_\_ Zip: \_\_\_\_\_

Or use this pre-paid form to charge it to your credit card:

☐ Visa ☐ MasterCard ☐ American Express

Card # \_\_\_\_\_ Expiration Date: \_\_\_\_\_

Authorized Signature: \_\_\_\_\_

Please allow at least 6 weeks delivery.

CT Residents add 7% Sales Tax.

Or in Continental U.S. call collect

(203) 866-6666

0

# BAD HABITS • by NORMAN DOG

I MARRIED A  
**CLAM!**

© 1984 NORMAN DOG



## Pro quality sound is easy with a new ATUS Stereo Mixer!

Mix microphones, tape recorders, CD players, turntables, video recorders, amplified musical instruments, AM/FM tuners in stereo

Handy headphone "cue" circuit for each input

**atus**™

Distributed exclusively by  
Audio-Technica U.S., Inc.  
1221 Commerce Drive, Stow, OH 44224

Special "talkover" control automatically lowers music level for voice announcements

Easy-to-read professional style VU meters

Five-bank graphic equalization for each output channel available

Deluxe models include echo/reverb

Get more sound value with a new ATUS mixer. Four models available from leading dealers everywhere. Write for list and catalog today.

AM300E



# SPINS

Jimmy Swaggart,  
They Might Be Giants,  
the Coolies,  
Jules Shear, Millie  
Jackson, the Kinks,  
classic ethnic tunes  
of the '20s

Edited by Glenn  
O'Brien



## Platter du Jour

**Jimmy Swaggart**  
*The Best of Jimmy Swaggart*  
Jim Records

A lot of fundamentalists today preach against the evils of rock 'n' roll, but TV evangelist Jimmy Swaggart has gone and done something about the evils of rock 'n' roll. He's come up with an alternative and you can find out about it on his own five-record set.

Now Jimmy Swaggart's music is not exactly rock 'n' roll as that term is generally understood. But if you were a middle-aged rockabilly or the wild man from Borneo you'd swear you was a-rocking along to it. I be rocking to it. To me Jimmy Swaggart is old-time rock 'n' roll. And I can understand how an old-time rock 'n' roll guy like Jimmy might get steamed by the application of that term to something like Megadeth.

I'm a Jimmy Swaggart fan. I used to watch Jimmy Swaggart's TV show late on Sunday nights. This was not a camp fixation. It wasn't that I found his sermons amusing examples of the hubris of camp Christianity. If I found that stuff amusing, I'd have watched Bob Schuller earlier in the day. No, I watched Jimmy because there was nothing else on the tube and the guy had a real good band. At that time I didn't even know he was related to Jerry Lee Lewis and Mickey Gilley (or whoever the hell the other cousin is).

I guess this was before Jimmy really started coming down heavy on the Satanic quantities of rock 'n' roll, which is understandable since the Stones had sort of laid off that shtick by then and Ozzie wasn't so big yet. I didn't even pay any attention to the preaching; I'd just listen to the band and watch Jimmy work out.

Well, now they tell me Jimmy is on a rampage against rock 'n' roll. I don't know exactly why that is, and I'm probably not going to find out because of my *Hawai-*

*Five-O* habit. But it doesn't really bother me—I still consider myself a Jimmy Swaggart fan. And to me, musically, Jimmy and the boys, I mean they blow away Ozzie Osbourne and Stryper and all those other kids who dress funny and make rude noises.

I guess the main philosophical difference between Jimmy and me is that not only do I have trouble taking Satanism in rock 'n' roll seriously, I don't take the people who take it seriously seriously. If these people weren't taking satanic rock 'n' roll seriously, they'd be out there looking for hidden messages in the *Daily Racing Form*. Now Jimmy, he either sincerely figures these heavy metal bands are stealing souls from the Lord, or he figures that for every heavy metal record sold, one of his own is sitting on the shelf. Or both. He's got an interest in this thing and that's okay.

Seems like the Reverend is advocating censorship. That's when he be standing on the fightin' side of me. My mama told me, she said, "Son, you can't legislate good taste." But I'll defend Jimmy's right to do his own thing and I'll even say that he do it mighty well.

Let's start with the man's voice. It's a beaut. Stylistically he's got a lot of the same moves as Elvis. He's got tremolo you could spread with a knife. He does those black-velvet spoken asides that are almost chillingly smooth. But there's also a bit of that rich, deep Tennessee Ernie Ford tone in there. Swaggart's voice might not be as thrilling as Elvis's, but it's almost as expressive and it's got more strength.

There aren't any musician credits in the liner notes, but there's some very nice playing and backup singing here. And some of the nicest playing is Jimmy's piano work. I assume he's doing it all, 'cause he does his own on TV; I had just never noticed before what a virtuoso he is. Here on record his playing is always fine, and sometimes it's inspired and brilliant. It's a very distinctive style, powerful but lavish—sort of rococo soul, halfway between Ray Charles and Lib-

erace. (Or is it Bartók and Huey Smith?) Lots of flourish but more than enough substance to support it.

I have one real criticism of this excellent set: the selection of tempos is not varied enough. The first two volumes are so easy-listening that I wouldn't recommend them for late-night driving—they might relax you straight to heaven, brother. We do get some outstanding uptempo numbers later in the set, such as the semi-rocking "Let Down Your Net." But the TV Jimmy does a lot more of the rocking stuff that makes you get up and shake that thing as you praise the Lord and pass the ammunition.

"Jesus On the Marline" is real soul music; you can't fake the feeling and this is it. "He Accepted Me" has a great honkytonk mood—I guess it's transcendental honkytonk. That's the great thing about gospel—it uses exactly the same styles as soul and country to get its message across. Check Jimmy's piano here, or the guitar break: clean but mean.

"Gone" is a great cool, bluesy tune. And "Looking for a City" is Jimmy's spellbinding masterpiece. He locks you in with a slow, spirit-possessed piano and vocal intro and then launches you into a country rock groove that moves you right on up. "I'll Be Somewhere Listening" is almost alarmingly close to a disco beat. And "Good Bye World, Good Bye," a jump tune at Bob Wills velocity, just about knocked my socks down a peg. The guitar and the mouth organ really jam, and when they get things heated up to a proven groove these bongo drums kick in, like outta the sky, and you know that Jimmy Swaggart is a rocker is a rocker.

If you can't find this record in the racks of your local store, between the Supremes and the Sweet, you can try writing to Jim's Ministries at P.O. Box 2550, Baton Rouge, Louisiana 70821-2550. (P.S. I hear tell that this set costs a C-note, but you can be sure Jim ain't gonna spend it up his nose.)

—Glenn O'Brien



**The Kinks**  
Think Visual  
MCA

The Kinks have had a long career, but not a deep one. They have lasted more than twenty years, but except for their very first hits ("You Really Got Me" and "All Day And All The Night" featured power chords that would become a dominant sound) the band has not been influential. This is probably more a trib-



5/8/01 London Features

ute than a slight. Since their early hits, the Kinks have been a band that succeeded more with their lyrics, with what they were saying, than with their musical approach, which was pleasing but relatively uniform from album to album. Their best songs—"Well Respected Man," "Lois," "Celluloid Heroes," "(Wish I Could Fly Like) Superman," "Around the Dial," "Come Dancing"—have all been intelligent and fun enough to capture a coterie of fans, but too much so to inspire copycats. Still, one is left with the lingering impression that most Kinks albums consist of one good song, and a bunch more that coast along on the band's amiability and familiar sound. Unfortunately, on their new album, *Think Visual*, it would

appear that someone forgot to include that one good song.

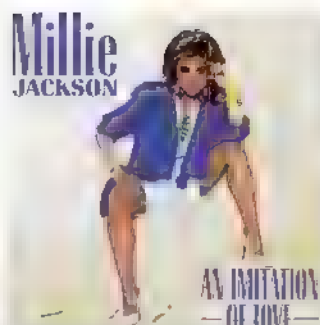
Two cuts are getting a lot of play. One, "Rock 'n' Roll Cities," by Dave Davies, is perfectly awful, banal and cliché-ridden, both musically and lyrically. "Rock 'n' roll cities, look out for our bus" is one line. "Bus": now there's an evocative image. The song will probably be very popular, if for no other reason than that it mentions about twenty American cities or states, insuring that radio stations in those places will play the record ad nauseam. I wish they wouldn't. Rock has had a lot of atlases—"Sweet Little Sixteen," "Dancing in the Street," "Heart of Rock and Roll." This one is by far the worst.

The other song getting attention is "Working at the Factory." Musically, this is a good song. If you don't pay much attention to it, and just dance to it and sort of sing along with the hooky line in the chorus, you'll probably enjoy it. But don't listen too closely, or else you'll hear Ray Davies contending that it's as constricting to be a musician working under a record company contract as it is to be a laborer in a factory.

The rest of the songs on the album are disposable. "Lost and Found" is an okay ballad with a good hook and one good image, that of a hurricane about to strike Manhattan. "Think Visual" is another anti-corporation screed, bereft of humor. Forget the rest. Hell, forget these.

It's hard to fathom this album. After twenty years, it would be understandable if the artist had nothing left to say, and the band's sound had grown stale. But Ray Davies still seems to have a lot on his mind, and the Kinks still seem to be able to play strong and expressive music. What's missing here is the wit and intelligence we have come to expect from this group.

—Jamie Malanowski



**Millie Jackson**  
An Imitation of Love  
Jive

A few years back, I was an arrogant young geek bangin' a VDT as a rock n'r for a daily newspaper. I'd been on the job for a while and was quickly reaching emotional and aesthetic critical mass through a steady diet of Dio/Foghat/Rainbow/Outlaws/Ozzy that was turning my taste, and what little gray matter I had left, into a puddle of slush. Occasionally, but rarely, the odd good show would roll through town and I'd get a break from all the pimps, poseurs, careerists, and assorted pusheads that my editor would force me to say at least one nice thing about.

Late one summer, Millie Jackson booked a one-off at the local Symphony Hall. "Cool," thought I, even though my total knowledge of her work at that time amounted to being able to hum the chorus of "If You're Not Back in Love by Monday." Sensing a potential dilemma, I was hipped to her vinyl life by a black woman at the local record store. Not only did she point me in the direction of the essential Millie (a lot), but she also offered up perhaps the most cogent analysis of Ms. Jackson's abilities I'd ever heard: "The bitch sings her ass off, and she's badder than a whole football stadium of Denise LaSalle." Nuff said.

The remaining pre-gig time was spent constantly spinning Millie's *Feelin' Bitchy* for breakfast, *Get It Out'cha System* and *A Moment's Pleasure* for lunch, capped off by a double helping of *Live And Uncensored* for dinner. I fell in love with her smooth, expressive, part Gladys Knight, part Ann Peebles alto, and the nasty, X-rated sexuality of her chatter. It was a safe bet that when Millie sang the guts out of a song, you'd either have the living shit scared out of you, or you'd reach for a post-coital cigarette. She was that bad.

The night I saw her perform, she was badness to the nth degree. A few bars into the first song, she hiked up her floor-length dress, planted one foot on the monitor, squatted, and slowly, salaciously rotated her ample hips. During the second song, she castigated a white woman in attendance with her black lover. "Honey," roared Millie, "you

gotta leave our men alone. There just ain't enough good black dick goin' around." By the third song, she spoke with excessive candor on why she preferred intercourse with ugly men: "Cause they screw as though it's their last time." Midway through the fourth song, she proposed that a woman's right to regular cunnilingus become a part of the ERA platform. At the end of the show I was exhausted and in desperate need of a cigarette.

Unfortunately, that was then and this is now. Since her last completely wonderful disc (the live 'em), her records have ranged from the pro forma R&B of *I Had To Say It* and *Hard Times*, to the wild wrongheadedness of *Just A Lil' Bit Country* (and you thought *Almost Blue* stunk), to the near-disastrous self-parody of *E.S.P. (Extra Sexual Persuasion)*. And although last year's duet with Elton John, "Act of War," was reason to hope for better, a sense of urgency is still lacking and the material comes off as sanitized, calculated inoffensiveness geared for a more "adult" demographic. It's a notion that's particularly disconcerting considering that her LPs were carrying lyrical-content-warning stickers long before Prince wrote his first song of familial sex or the PMRC decided to save us all from the perils of popular culture. These days it seems Millie wouldn't say shit even if she had a mouthful.

*An Imitation of Love* does nothing to change that. Six producers are listed—none of them longtime Jackson knob twirler Brad Shapiro—as well as five studios, but neither the people nor the places inject any spunk into the proceedings. Seven of the LP's eight tracks are basic variations on Millie's tough wife/tender lover shtick, which, as shticks go, can still straighten out your short 'n' curls and jam hard, but here it sounds merely pusillanimous. Even the most promisingly titled number, "Hot! Wild! Unrestricted! Crazy Love," needs three exclamation points to get its intent across. It, along with the other up-tempo stuff, never kicks up more than a lackadaisical fuss, eventually vanishing into thin air. The sole cover, a by-the-numbers take of Prince's "Wanna Be Your Lover," is an unusually safe choice for someone who specializes in taking risks with and adding nads to other peoples' songs (e.g., "Angel in Your Arms," Bad Co.'s "Feel Like Making Love"). For what it's worth, I suggest that next time 'round she consider Swamp Dogg's "Total Destruction to Your Mind," Lee Dorsey's "Night People," Big Al Downing's "Cornbread Row," or anything by Laura Lee.

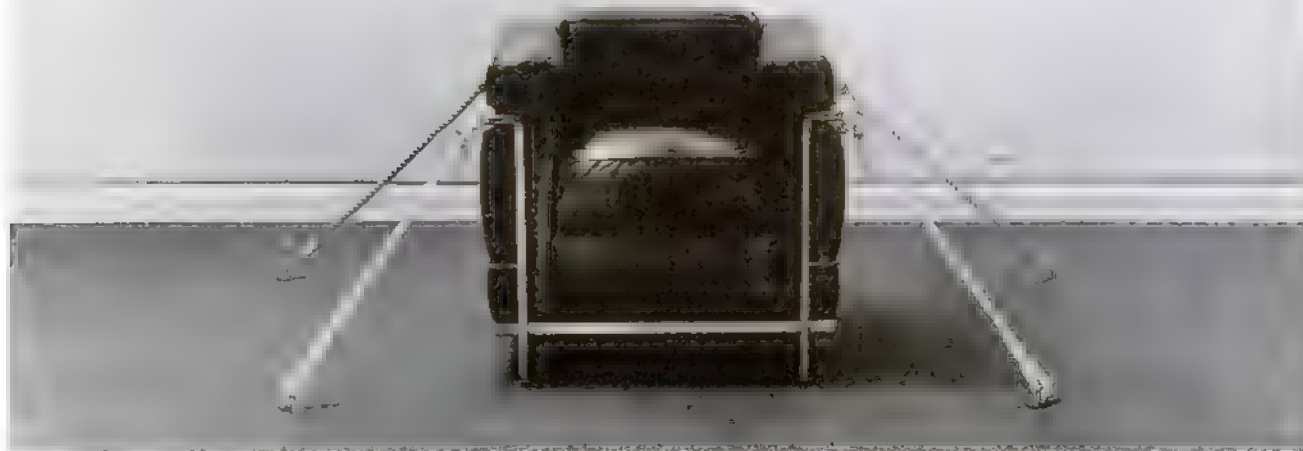
I'm generally the last person to whine rhapsodic about the "good ol' days," but after the ninth or tenth spin of *Imitation*, I slapped on the decade-old *Feelin' Bitchy* and cued up her righteous ten-minute-plus workout of Benny Latimore's very cool "All The Way Lover." Shazam! Here was the Millie Jackson I love: pure sex, sass, no bull, and lotsa laughs. When I listen to the new album, all I hear is a facsimile, and that just ain't bad enough.

—John Dougan

The old Kinks (L-R) Mick Avory, Pete Quaife, Ray Davies, and Dave Davies



***Most speaker designers haven't changed  
their position in 30 years.***

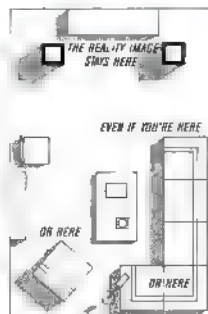


***Presenting the dbx  
Soundfield series:  
Reality Imaging™ and the  
end of the stereo  
"sweet spot."***

For 30 years, speaker designers have believed that the only way to achieve balanced stereo is to sit directly between and in front of both speakers. If you move out of this "sweet spot," the stereo image collapses and the frequency response is anything but flat.

At dbx, we took a revolutionary approach and developed a new speaker design that achieves stereo balance and frequency response so consistent from any listening position, so close to the real thing, we needed a new name to describe the experience. *Reality Imaging.*

Reality imaging brings you right up to the stage. It's not only the sound, but the actual spatial reality—the feeling of being there. And it's an image that doesn't collapse if you move around.



***Not only can you hear it,  
you can see it.***

Ask your dbx dealer to demonstrate with a sound analyzer (such as the dbx 10/20) how consistently the flat and smooth response—and Reality Imaging—are maintained by dbx Soundfield speakers at every point in the room. Then ask him to do the same with any other speaker at any price. You're in for a shock.

And we seriously suspect you'll be changing your position on stereo speakers for good.

**dbx Soundfield 1A**  
\$2850 pair\*



**dbx Soundfield 10**  
\$1399 pair\*



**dbx Soundfield 100**  
\$699 pair\*



**dbx Soundfield 1000**  
\$599 pair\*



\*Suggested retail prices.

**dbx**  
*Beyond stereo*



**Jules Shear**  
Demo-It's  
Enigma Records

Jules Shear has been rock's best-kept songwriting secret for over ten years now, from his first appearance in an Eagles-clone outfit called The Funky Kings, through his leadership of the best New Wave band no one ever heard of (Jules and the Polar Bears), into a solo career that has seen cover versions of his songs become hits while his own albums stiff. This collection of demos from over the years is a concise sonic explanation of why it'll probably stay that way.

Almost every song here deserves to be a chartbuster in the best car-radio sense, and the other two already were, for other singers. "All Through The Night" went top five for Cyndi Lauper and "If She Knew What She Wants" was the Bangles' followup single to the immensely inferior "Manic Monday." Both those songs prove Shear to be a natural pop craftsman who can join intelligent, pithy lyrics to melodies that seem inevitable, as if you've known them for years. So why can't the guy get a hit on his own?

It's not his voice. His voice is nasal and curdling and not pretty, but so are Dylan's and Ray Davies's and like them Shear has a verbal acuity that makes vocal niceness beside the point. Shear's vocals do just about what he asks of them. Part of the problem is that he doesn't ask them to do enough.

Start by realizing that this man writes really catchy songs about being repressed, about shooting the possibility for love down by keeping it to oneself, about the stupid things we all do in the name of fear or coolness. Sometimes it's the other person, as in the original "If She Knew What She Wants" ("I'd be giving it to her," he sings, but she doesn't, so he can't). Sometimes it's the singer, as in the lovely ode to romantic masochism "She's In Love Again," (and if you've ever been in love with someone who thought you were just their best friend, this one will tack you down cold). Sometimes it's an upbeat celebration of angst, as in the Motownish

"You Are My Heartache"—this is a love song, folks.

These are brilliant songs but they're all about pushing emotion away, and, unfortunately, that's just how Jules treats them. For all his shining craftsman's qualities, the man simply does not know how to rock out. He may yowl and get real loud, but the warmth at the heart of the song itself is killed by the coldness at the heart of the performance.

The lame, mechanical rhythm tracks are both the chief symptom and the nail in the coffin, even on side one, where Shear uses real live musicians. Almost all these cuts die from lack of air, smothered by the rigid, plodding drums (a fault that carries over onto more finished albums like the Todd Rundgren-produced *Watchdog*). I mean, I'm not asking for Ginger Baker here, just a fairly loose percussion feel that matches the tension and agility of the songwriting.

This is almost tragic, because the songs are so good. You can carry them around in your head for days, building them up into the way you feel they should sound, creating huge Spectorian productions that go blooie when you listen to Shear's versions again. Or you can play games like deciding what singer could carry which song to No. 1 (perverse or not, I dubs Whitney Houston for the great "Take The Risk"—if nothing else, she should listen to the words), or imagining how Shear's girlfriend, Aimee Mann of 'til Tuesday, could take some of these babies to the wall (hint).

In any event, these songs, as songs, are worth working into your life. They're that strong. And maybe you can free them up (on your own, in the shower) in ways their composer can't.

—Ty Burr



### Various artists

*You Can Tell The World About This*  
Morning Star Records

There was a time, not so long ago, when the world was a large and a much stranger place where people all gathered around very different radios. The sirocco that blew across the deserts and the plains would change tongues as it swept across Baghdad to Damascus and on to Istanbul and the Mediterranean as it wandered through the thick animal night.

Now music is everywhere, the SAME

music is everywhere, as cheap as money, rasping and clanging. Crazy Eddie opened up a branch in Bombay. The Pet Shop Boys whine out of Japanese radios in Agadir, and Madonna's on every jukebox in Mombassa.

Before, music was passed from hand to hand, mouth to mouth, village to village, spreading and changing like some marvelous disease. You'd cross the street and the rhythms would change, walk to the other side of town and the feel, the tones, would be darker and richer, and if you went across the river the guitar would have changed into an oud, a man was there singing out of both sides of his mouth, and a monkey tied to a golden chain was holding a harmonica.

*You Can Tell The World About This* is a collection of 14 classic ethnic recordings from the 1920's, back when radio was just opening its big mouth and when the world, having stumbled through one giant war, was pausing for breath before lurching toward another. In the '20s and early '30s travel was possible, the idea of friendship and exchange between nations still seemed feasible, and the customs, ideas, and musics of other peoples seemed like they might be valuable, worth preserving and protecting. Margaret Mead was off looking under skirts in Samoa, Alan Lomax was just beginning his travels around the American South collecting folk music, Béla Bartók was wandering around Hungary and Rumania collecting peasant songs and melodies, and musicologists like Henry Cowell and Dr. Von Hornbostel were dragging their tape recorders around the world in search of the beautiful and the strange.

*You Can Tell The World* brings together a number of small gems and perfect moments. Off in Madagascar, a village troupe sings a song of parting accompanied by a small harp, the young girls swaggering through their "whoa-oh's" as cool and cocky as The Ronettes ever were. A Spanish gypsy, sounding wild and lovestruck, wails a hymn to the skies while a bagpiper pipes at his side and the night grows still and calm; a Jewish cantor sobs a song of memory and forgetting in a thick, rusty baritone and then breaks into a chilling falsetto, a tiny cry that pulls the rawest parts of Delta blues out of Eastern Europe; a Welsh choir, somewhere in the wilds of Pennsylvania, leans against a wheezy harmonium, the sort favored by Kate and Anna McGarrigle and the Salvation Army, and dreams about a better world somewhere.

The reason some of us cherish such gifted eccentrics as Ornette Coleman, Conlon Nancarrow, Hasil Adkins, and Captain Beefheart is that they don't sound like anyone else in the world; it sounds like their music evolved from their listening to the sounds of radiators and drain pipes, from the wind and the air and the dogs on the street, from the slow dreams of garbage trucks. And these recordings from the '20s have some of that same power; it's the music of people who could still hear inside their own heads.

—Brian Cullman

## THEY MIGHT BE GIANTS



**They Might Be Giants**  
*They Might Be Giants*  
Bar/None Records

They Might Be Giants, but they're really two New York bohemian weisenheimers named John. One John (Flansburgh) wears glasses, plays guitar and sings with a grin; the other one (Linnell) plays accordion and looks edgy. A beatbox also figures in here somewhere. Their music is... well, remember the Banana Splits? The Banana Splits were four guys in animal suits on Saturday morning TV, circa 1968, sort of like the Monkees retooled for six-year-old acidheads. Okay, imagine that the Banana Splits went to college, read lots of Kafka and Pynchon, got Ph.D.'s and went on rent strike. Then two of 'em died. That's kind of what They Might Be Giants sound like. This is a compliment.

You'll probably wet your pants laughing from their album cover alone, because the song titles are hilarious: "Rabid Child," "Youth Culture Killed My Dog," "Nothing's Gonna Change My Clothes." And a first listen to the merry dada-lyrics and peppy rhythms from forgotten game shows will make you think you've found a bona fide smart-boy novelty record: something more intelligent than Sparks (good) but not as stoopid as the Beastie Boys (bad).

Luckily, TMBG aren't entirely that wacky, even if they want to be. There's something else going on here and the first tip-off is that the funniest titles are generally the loudest songs. The exceptions are "Youth Culture Killed My Dog," which is about exactly what it says it's about and which gets funnier and sadder each time I hear it; and "Alienation's for the Rich," which sounds like the Marlboro Man after political enlightenment and a bad day. Overall, though, the songs that look the most promising are either jokey throwaways or surrealist let-downs, as if the two Johns got the laugh and lost interest.

What brings the album back to life, luckily, is that these guys have a knack for truly weird imagery ("Everything right is wrong again/You're a weasel overcome with dinge") and concepts ("Life's just a mood ring we're not allowed to see"—think about that one) that end up being funny in better, deeper ways. The glib goofiness of the first listen becomes the informed, wry mordancy of a record that eventually refuses to leave your turntable.

It helps that some of this stuff rocks





Mark Shein

***They Might Be Giants: John Flansburgh and John Linnell***

reasonably hard for two art-boys with a box. "(She Was a) Hotel Detective" is a one-joke song ("Why don't you check her out?") but it crunches along just fine, and the anti-nostalgia "Put Your Hand Inside the Puppet Head" and "Hideaway Folk Family" are prime street hummers. Better still, "Don't Let's Start" is simply a great song, especially when

you realize that this irresistible cartoon tune is about a lover's spat as Armageddon ("Everybody dies frustrated and sad and that is beautiful . . . I don't want to live in this world anymore").

A year ago, They Might Be Giants released a cassette tape featuring most of the songs here, but this album's much better produced and the handful of new tunes show that these guys are moving along. One of them, "She's an Angel," is an honest-to-god love song, albeit a

sweetly twisted one in which the singer discovers his girlfriend really is an angel: "Why did they send her over anyone else?/How should I react? These things don't happen to other people/ They don't happen at all in fact." The record's funniest cut is its last, "Rhythm Section Want Ad," in which John and John defend their no-drummer status against the Philistines (who ask "Do you sing like Olive Oyl on purpose?/You guys must be into the Eurythmics") by

laying out a lickety-split boogie riff straight from an old Betty Boop cartoon. It makes me laugh out loud every time I hear it, partially because it's ingeniously arranged but also because it's tunny from the heart, because the Johns are just pissed off enough to find the whole thing really silly. It closes the album with a nice little fuck you.

You can test-drive these guys by caking their Dial-A-Song at 718-387-6962.

—Ty Burr



**WESTWOOD ONE RADIO NETWORKS**

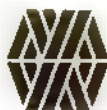
P R E S E N T

# The Pretenders

## LIVE

### VIA SATELLITE

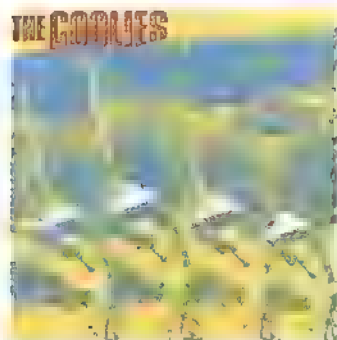
The Westwood One Radio Networks proudly present The Pretenders in an exclusive concert performance *live via satellite* from Chicago at 10:00 PM (E.T.) Tuesday, March 24. The band's *Get Close* tour is the most-anticipated rock & roll road trip of the year, and Westwood One's *Concertmaster I* mobile studio will be there to bring you the entire Chicago show as it happens! You'll hear Chrissie Hynde, lead guitarist Robbie McIntosh, drummer Blair Cunningham, bassist Malcolm Foster and keyboardist Rupert Black delivering the greatest songs from the four Pretenders LPs, including "Don't Get Me Wrong" and "My Baby" from *Get Close*. Don't miss The Pretenders live in concert — the latest exclusive from Westwood One, the leader in Big Event Radio! Check your local newspaper listings for the station and time in your area.



**WESTWOOD ONE  
RADIO NETWORKS**







### The Coolies Dig...? DB

All over the world, brilliant young songwriters are waiting for a break. It doesn't have to be huge, just some meaningful recognition, some credibility that will reinforce their self-esteem. They wait patiently, practicing their craft, paying their dues and hoping one day they'll have something to show all the people who gave them a hard time.

So, if there are so many earnest young songwriters waiting for a break, why talk about an album of Paul Simon covers by an Atlanta party band called the Coolies? Why? Because this is a flash-pan culture and pop music doesn't know from earnest and dedicated. Besides, the Coolies weren't brought to this earth to wait on some dues-paying line. They play pretty well, they're cleverly exploitative and they affect a convincing "don't give a shit" attitude—all the ingredients that put rock music on the map.

Their all-Paul LP *Dig...?* (featuring nine Simon covers and Paul Anka's "Having My Baby") is not rock genius, but it is smart rock stupidity. It's part of

that popular breed of post-new wave best characterized as "laffability"—a combination of novelty tune and rock that has spawned such classics as the Beat Farmers' "California Kid" and the Beastie Boys' "Cookiepuss."

The all-around killer track on the album is "Having My Baby." The Coolies take Paul's "woman as breeder" mentality ("That seed inside you, do you feel it growing?") to the extreme.

During one lull in the arrangement, our narrator informs his "baby-maker" that she's not the only woman in town, and she's not the only woman in town having his baby. The lyric reading, combined with the "Walk on the Wild Side" intro/outro subtheme, creates a hilarious and repeatedly listenable track.

The nine Paul Simon covers make for a timely tribute. Simon purists might find the versions a mockery; but as Weird Al has proven many times, a good tune succeeds no matter what the version and the Coolies, with their creative reading of the lyrics, walk that popular '80s line between sincerity and absurdity.

The only weak link in the chain of Simon covers is "Bridge Over Troubled Waters." Considering this is Simon's most universal song, it's unfortunate that the Coolies push so hard with their neo-Metal cum thrash approach. A similar arrangement is used on "Homeward Bound" with more success. The guitar winds out in a more convincing jam and the response vocals kick things into the finale.

Another high-speed rock-steady approach is used on "The Only Living Boy in New York" and of all the covers, it proves that both the work of Simon and the Coolies fit squarely into '80s culture. The guitars combined with the personalized delivery make this particular cut—cover or not—as acceptable as anything available on college radio.

The Coolies' editing decisions are

*The Coolies (L-R) Billy Burton, Jeb Baldwin, Clay Harper, Rob Gal, and Teddy Murray*

apropos. They wisely leave off the lyrics to "Mrs. Robinson" (turning it into a Ventures/Shadows surf romp) and they pretty much dump the melody on "El Condor Pasa" for the sake of the lyrics (an odd turn of events considering that Simon didn't write the melody anyway).

Most memorable of the Simonizations are "I Am A Rock," "The 59th Street Bridge Song (Feelin' Groovey)," and "Scarborough Fair." Each has good lyric readings and great guitar. "Feelin' Groovey" with its Voidoid string section and bent recitation brings out the dada aspect of the material (let's not forget this is a song about talking to a lamppost). "I Am A Rock" framed in white soul music replete with cheese-squeeze organ, discards some of the alienation in the original and turns the song into an upbeat ode to stoicism.

But the LP's most memorable cut is "Scarborough Fair." The wild neo-psychedelic guitars, great vocal reading and well-constructed arrangement bring new life to a tune that could have been wrongly buried as just another soft anti-war anthem.

No doubt about it, *Dig...?* is an opportunistic album by a bunch of very clever players. By skewering the young and old demographics, they are contributing to the never-ending *Happy Days* syndrome (selling the old to the young). This approach can be self-defeating as the culture constantly devours itself, particularly when bands like Chicago and the Police start covering their own material. But the Coolies pull it off because their wild esprit de corps never gets in the way of their premeditated cleverness.

—Rich Stum

## SPIN-OFFS

**KATE BUSH** *The Whole Story* (EMI America) Twelve of her most precious singles. Whine, whine, sob, sob. They come at you like a lump of limburger cheese, attach themselves to your forehead, and kill you.

**THE MANHATTANS** *Back to Basics* (Columbia) Gerald Alston, the lead vocalist for the Manhattans, an ancient singing group teleported into the present, has a voice so sick he could seduce a chair. It's worth wading through half-wit material just to catch a glimpse of it winding through the background.

**JUST-ICE** *Back To the Old School* (Fresh Records) Somewhere out there, on the street, people in the know talk about this record. Music by the Lord High Ruler and Emperor of the Beat, Mantronik. Raps by Just-ICE, a kid with lots of gold on his teeth who raps like a steamroller rolls and writes pieces called "Gangster of Hip Hop" and "Little Bad Johnny."

**LIL' ED AND THE BLUES IMPERIALS** *Roughhousin'* (Alligator) Raw slabs of guitar sound chase you around the room, ordering you to dance. Hamburger music: no pretensions, you get what you ordered, solid bump and grind.

**DAVID LINTON** *Orchesography* (Neutral/NMDS 500 Broadway, NYC 10012) Art. Hear just how much noise one drummer stuck in a room full of synthesizers can make. But it's convincing: funny samples dumped on top of grinding rhythm tracks.

**Soweto Never Sleeps: Classic Female Zulu Jive** (Shanachie) South African music is one of those addictions that drives you nuts. Here's some relief. Swelling womens' voices rising over wiry guitar lines—the stuff's made to make you feel good, and does.

**SAM BAKER** *Bringing You Some Soul* (Charly)/GEATER DAVIS *Sad Shades of Blue* (Charly) See, soul is one of those things you love generically: even a do-nothing slob approximating the right moves can be exciting. So Sam, with a kinda light voice, and Geater, with a kinda tough voice, two complete unknowns who happen to be better-than-just-O.K. singers, really rock the house, singing about "ice water in your veins, I don't believe Hitler had a thing on you," etc.

**VARIOUS ARTISTS** *Atlantic Honkers* (Atlantic) Back in prehistory, the tenor saxophone equaled sex. People like King Curtis and Gatoorail Jackson made records that incited riots. Buy this collection, have your own private living room riot.

—Peter Watrous

(Note: Last month's SPIN-OFFS were by Glenn O'Brien.)

# UNDERGROUND



Darryl Ann Johnson

Whiplash aggro-bang and languid womblike pulsations that test the edges of sonic fertility. Music for the terminally hip, the ultra-aware, and those who twitch to the beat of a different drum.

Column by  
Judge I-Rankin

**W**ell, the cat's been let out of the bag. All those psychotics out there can breathe easier now that it's been revealed that Sickie Wifebeater, lead axe grinder for the stupendous Mentors, is in fact one Eric Carlson, who also lends his estimable fretboard aerobics to the new **Jesters Of Destiny** disc, *Fun at the Funeral*. What's surprising about *Funeral* is its complete lack of Mentors-bred sonic debauchery. Instead the material is perfectly executed punkadelic glam-bop burnished with a healthy dose of metallic insolence. Working within this context, the Jesters thumb their noses at insanity, aphrodisiacs, Pollyanna grooviness and the occasional suicide. During "Incubus," the band cuts loose with a rocket-ried tempo upon which ride heavily flanged guitars screaming for mercy while the vocals command us to "Get off your knees if you're going to pray/There's new prayers I'm happy to teach." This is followed by the wistful "Happy Times," a neopop balad with obvious morphiated overtones. Such juxtapositions of style are the Jesters' stock in trade. "Attack of the Jesters" and "Love Theme from Jesters On Parade" are quick-take instrumentals that feature cello and synthesizers side by side in sweet harmony. On "Diggin' That Grave," the Jesters do a knee-slapping sendup

of every heavy metal cliché ever devised—shoutalong Ron Jim Dio choruses, blam-chik drum thwackings, funereal bass, and even some weird synth ejacamenta, just to tweak the brains of the unattentive. The Jesters Of Destiny are holding court right now at Dimension Records, 18653 Ventura Blvd., Suite 311, Tarzana, CA 91356.

Yup, it sure is a *Great Big World of Noise and Shit* out there, yet the aural extracts incorporated on this disc from **Art Language** hardly qualify *World* is a deftly administered confluence of intelligent songwriting bolstered by a neominimalist precision. Shifting stylistic gears with the prescient intuition of seasoned vets, nothing is wasted as Art Language chugalugs boozed-up guitar trickery on "Blues Menace," then slips through the Doors-meets-Iron Butterfly shadows of "Beautiful/Invisible." Art Language possesses an innate ability to don a completely different identity on each successive track without straining their source of new angles on familiar material. The band flaunts their sense of pop timing and delivery like so much tattered Japanese Spandex on "Chinese Takeaway" and "Secretaries From Heaven." The former is a primitive retrofitting of early drum-box kitsch augmented by a cooing synth melody redolent of early

(*Radioactivity*) Kraftwerk, while the latter's a cross between the martial swipe of the Will Powers hoax and the Nails' "88 Lines About 44 Women." You can interface with this group at 1003 Harvest Lane, Lansing, MI 48917.

If you are a regular reader of this magazine, you might, we fear, consider yourself to be terminally hip and ultra-aware of esoteric goings-on in music, art, theater. In which case you've probably heard of and maybe even had the chance to see **Karen Finley**, currently masquerading as a one-woman shock troop on the fringes of performance art. One of her triple-X-rated exhortations (variously monikered as "Tales Of Taboo," "Belgian Waffles," "The Yam Jam," and "The Naked Truth") has been hooked up to an air-conditioned repeater/drum box/synthesizer backing rhythm provided by Robert Görl. The beat is straight ahead bleached discord boo-tay over which Finley rants/chants a vituperative diatribe that dwells on feces, sodomy, swimming in one's own urine, shoving Belgian waffles in places God never meant them to be shoved, and tit sandwiches.

This is difficult listening at best but Finley's pre-organic vocal buggery comes across as the funniest disgustorap since lunchtime. It's a love-her-or-hate-her situation with Finley...

and I love her. The next time someone asks "Hey, put something different on," you just can't go wrong with the woman who likes to stuff candied yams up her butt-hole. Distributed through Paw Wow Art International, 1619 Broadway, Suite 403, New York, NY 10019.

Mies van der Rohe, who coined the dictum "less is more," definitely wasn't referring to the surprisingly rich sound achieved by the Providence, R.I., duo, **Stained Rug Theory**, on their album *Innocence*. Maurice Methot and Marjorie Montano usher forth an agitated pop atmosphere fused with an unaffected, humanist, folkified eloquence. Shades of Violent Femmes and Timbuk 3 arise as Stained Rug Theory waltz their way through the jaunty "Go Gentle" while a singing guitar leads the doppel bass and synth drums down a cheery highway of mortal liberation. Black humor infiltrates "Young, Beautiful & Depressed," SRT's madrigal to all those confusion-makeup gloomthrottle bands with big Medusa haircuts. Montano and Methot neatly distill this number into a melodic, soaring, tongue-in-cheek anthem with Methot providing a dead-on Bowie moan to Montano's wistful whisperings. Each successive listening of *Innocence* takes on new form and meaning when Stained Rug Theory slogs fearlessly





on in the face of good and bad times—or, more accurately, complex good and bad times. Innocent or not, Stained Rug Theory can be contacted at Box 3164, Wayland Square, Providence, RI 02906; (401) 274-4466

Contrary to what one might guess from seeing a band with a name like **Controlled Bleeding**, the thrust of *Headcrack* is anything but shrieking dementia and berserker experiments in noise extrapolations. Prior Bleeding transfusions have been almost exclusively devoted to short-wave permutations in behavioural industrial damage. This time around finds Controlled Bleeding (Paul Lemos assisted by Joe Papa) fully ensconced in a spectral "gentle" mix (says so on the cover) of sinewy curves and languid womblike pulsations. No irritating migraine edges or psychotic angles on *Headcrack*, just plenty of ethereal stream-of-consciousness surf whooshings and water tinklings to lull you into a New Age state of alpha. The ten untitled compositions are fully realized efforts that can stand on their own; yet all tend to flow into one another as parts of a greater whole. As one of the leading point men in the industrial damage melee, Lemos has taken a giant step sideways to look into his chosen genre with a much softer focus and emerged with a soothing diversion that beats the likes of Michael Stearns and Tangerine Dream at their own game. Controlled Bleeding can be reached by sending a tourniquet to 54 Locust Street, Massapequa, NY 11759.

How ya gonna keep them down on the farm after they've heard **Coitus Int.**? Not very easily once these abrasive no-wave sonatas get under the skin. On *Sex for the Wealthy*, Coitus Int. take their cues from the grouchy artiness of Berlin and Bush Tetras and flesh out the minimalism with songs that conspire to shatter into pieces at every opportunity.

**If 1986 told us anything about the proliferation of the underground speedmetal reformation, then 1987 should prove to be a watershed year for those who show the mostest with the fastest.**



Left: Controlled Bleeding (L-R) Paul Lemos, Chris Moriarty, and Joe Papa; Above: Jesters of Destiny (L-R) Bruce Duff, Michael Montano, Ray Violet, and Dave Kuzma

Saxophones wail, supplicate, and nerve-wrackingly uvulate on "You Will Not Swear in This House," a turgid combo of bass slugola punctuating non-lyrics like "the telephone rings at sunny intervals/mice ate through the telephone wire." Just as screwy but equally effective at barking in the face of the abyss is "It's Springtime, Baby," which explores the psoriasis of heartbreak.

"Under My Skin" tests the edges of sonic fertility as pinched guitar insertions chop and parry their way around a grimy bass line that sounds like a rhinoceros giving birth in a machine shop. Coitus Int. are located at Catharijnesteeg 8, 3512 NZ, Utrecht, The Netherlands

If 1986 told us anything about the proliferation of the underground speedmetal reformation now flexing its collective muscle, then 1987 should prove to be a watershed year for those who show the mostest with the fastest in their efforts to stay ahead of the humbucking herd. And if **At War** has their way this year, they'll be inflicting plenty of casualties with *Ordered to Kill*, a slash-a-minute exercise in whiplash aggro-bang that'll put the weak and infirm directly into the insensitive-care unit, but pronto in accordance with the genre's unwritten doctrine. At War bristles with all the necessary ordnance for efficient obliteration; sandpaper voices braying lyrics that took too

much shrapnel too many stanzas ago, telephone-pole-up-the-ass bass chords barfed into the corner all phlegmy and gooey, and guitar scale-crankng masquerading as dive-bombing Stukas. (This last element is crucial to good speedmetal and At War has it in spades.) Put it all together on top of jackboot rhythms played slightly faster than an M-16 on full auto and what do you have? One hellacious racket with song titles like "Capitulation," "The Hammer," and "Mortally Wounded" (natch). For rivetheads who've worn out their old Venom and Motörhead a bums Bring your fiak jackets! Write to At War c/o New Renaissance Records, P.O. Box 11372, Burbank, CA 91501

Somewhere in dank New York, damage is being inflicted upon an unsuspecting funk beat past the point of brutal dislocation. Witness **Mark Stewart & Maffia's** thorough evisceration of things scratchy, funky, rappy, and not nailed to the floor. It's not quite clear whether Stewart and Maffia conspirators are illin' or just pain ill when they take a cavernous electrosam beat, run it through the sledge-o-matic gearbox, ladle on found non-sequiturs of TV dialogue and echoplexed vocals, and then expect anyone to actually dance to it. Doesn't matter one way or the other since Maffia's synchronistic legerdemain makes the whole shebang seem effortless. During "Blessed Are Those Who Struggle," Stewart shoves the frantic intro for Voice Of Authority's "Knock the House Down" in and out of the mix whilst a way-distorted bass bullies its way around snatches of schizy radio babble. "Hypnotized" forgoes any pretense of snuggling up to an easily digestible funk style as the synth-drums are set to "maximum crack" and then locked onto some painful scratching that'll make your ears bleed. Sinister bass underpinnings threaten to usurp the repeater drum bursts every time the politically loaded vocals of "As the Veneer of Democracy Begins to Fade" try to make themselves heard. For all its apparent impenetrability, Stewart's ironmongering funk (aided considerably by Adrian Sherwood of On-U fame) has a spellbinding effect on one's consciousness. Highly recommended for those looking to twitch to the beat of a different drum Mark Stewart and Maffia can be found by contacting Upside Records, 225 Lafayette St., New York, NY 10012

If your music is of the underground persuasion and you would like to wreck someone's life with it, send it to me, Judge I-Rankin, 1338 E Devonshire, Phoenix, AZ 85014. If you require a response, enclose an S.A.S.E. Sorry, I can't review records or tapes on a personal basis. Go deh!

# SINGLES

Yeah, but is it on CD?

Column by John Leland

Photo: [illegible]

**A**t my wedding, half a dozen friends said they almost bought me and the missus a CD player, but figured someone else would and so passed I don't mind. Until the record companies start coughing up more bytes for your digital storage capacity, the CD industry runs on corporate exploitation. It also defines consumable music solely in terms of LPs, which means that corporations are using technology to inflict their myopia on the culture. Kinda normative, but that's the nature of multinationals. Fortunately, however, the single remains viable, and supports an alternative industry with more symbiotic economic/artistic juice than the one that produced the Michael Jackson record. They say there'll be CD singles soon enough, even CD 12-inch-type things. But the indie 12-inch market isn't likely to go digital—or do anything that increases production costs—and it won't bow out just 'cause the corporations flex their technology. Check it out: PolyGram releases a JB reissue comp called *In the Jungle Groove*. Couple weeks later, a NY hole-in-the-wall indie called B-Boy puts out Scott LaRock's "South Bronx," which sam-

ples Brown's "Get Up, Get into it, and Get Involved" for its hook. New artist, unknown producer, stolen track, generic sleeve, couple thou production and manufacturing costs, couple thou to persuade the right folks to play it. Thing sells a couple thousand copies, mostly in the first two or three weeks, and turns an almost instant profit. La Rock has a hit, so he gets to make another record. And "South Bronx" is a great song. How can corporate technology compete with this kind of agility? So I think that no matter what CBS or Motown does, Sleeping Bag and Tuff City and Vintertainment and Next Plateau and such will still make records, and as long as there are record-pressing plants, there should still be albums. Hope so, anyway.

Note to Robyn Hitchcock fans: our man cut a naïf rocker called "Tell Me About Your Drugs" that's on the CD of *Element of Light* but not on the album or cassette. As someone who thinks CD's oughta give you more, I like it; as a turntable man, it pisses me off. As a rabble rouser, I urge you all to picket the Relativity/Glass Fish offices until they release the thing as a B-side. Make democracy work.

**Bruce Willis: "Respect Yourself" b/w "Fun Time" (Motown)**

As with Run-D.M.C.'s version of "Walk This Way," the heart of this single is neither the singer nor the song, but the relationship between the two. "Respect Yourself" is about, more than anything else, Willis's right to sing it. He doesn't give an old song a new voice, like Linda Ronstadt, or negate his own identity with black suit and sunglasses to reify his estrangement from the song, like the Blues Brothers (this is about integration, not alienation). And he doesn't resurrect a message, like Bruce Springsteen on "War." Willis is a neutral element in the machine. With all that's going on—horns and Pointer Sisters and funk and shit—his voice is the safest part of the production. He's simply doing it right, trying not to make an in-joke of it. His contribution is his image and the ready-made context it provides, not his voice. Willis isn't extending himself like Don Johnson or Philip-Michael Thomas on their records; "Respect Yourself" merely reaffirms Willis's exaggeratedly superficial TV image as the cynical but warm, wiseass rock 'n' roller who goes around singing rhythm and blues and has it all,

just like Michelob Light says you can. He's a rebel with a tie, and R & B is a totem of his rebellion. His predilection for soul is interesting only insofar as it is superficial; we're interested in him because he's a rebel, not because he's an R & B freak. Imagine your local white, middle-class R & B freak as the star of *Moonlighting* and you'll appreciate the difference. So "Respect Yourself" is R & B for people who don't like R & B; if you did, you'd listen to it and wouldn't need Willis. For all that, I gotta admit it's a pretty funky record. I hope to hear the original someday.

**Exposé: "Come Go With Me" (Arista)**

As I write, this is No. 1 on the *Billboard* dance charts, which goes to show how much juice Miami/NY Latin teens have on national dance floors. They've generated their own radio stations (Hot 103 in NY, Hot 105 in Miami), underage clubs, and a very sophisticated bubblegum sound. You get syndrums, Latin syncopation, pretty good tempos, slick but spare electronic arrangements, and straightforward romantic lyrics. It's a



little young for me to respond to emotionally, but I can't miss the infectious energy of records like this, the group's previous "Point of No Return," Nocera's "Summertime, Summertime," or Miami Sound Machine's "Conga." Exposé is three women put together by producer/writer/arranger Lewis Martinée, and their personalities predictably get submersed in the record's well-targeted flow. Which is the only thing that keeps me from succumbing unreservedly to this pleasant, motivating slice of ear candy.

Steve Earle and the Dukes.  
"Someday" b/w "State Trooper" &  
"Good Ol' Boy (Gettin' Tough)"  
(MCA)

Bunch of women I know think Steve Earle is the sexiest thing since Vince Neil, or maybe even Sonny Til of the Orioles. God knows why they tell this to me, but they do, and now I'm telling you. Myself, I don't know, but I do know this: I'd trade my whole Robbie Nevil record collection for the couplet, "There ain't a lot that you can do in this town/ You drive down to the lake and then you turn around." Earle is a songwriter and performer you'd be proud to call kin, but as a bandleader and conceptualist he's kind of a dog. You know how Lieber and Stoller once said they didn't write songs, they wrote records? Earle writes songs. This dandy little EP, side two of which is live, catches a big raw hunk of the brooding intensity that causes Earle to quicken so many pulses. And if he sounds less dejectedly psycho than Springsteen on "State Trooper," he sounds more likely to be worried about the law. The other two cuts, new versions of songs off *Guitar Town*, also push Earle out front, where his occasional stock lyrics ring with an ambiguity not found on the albums. Earle has a compelling voice; the Dukes have a mediocre voice. On this EP, he shouts them down.

The The: "Infected" (Epic)

Wiseblood: "Stumbo" b/w "Someone Drowned in My Pool" (Relativity)

Couple studio projects of uncommon integrity and intensity. Matt Johnson of The The and Jim Thirwell (aka Foetus) of Wiseblood are both experimentalists who are more interesting for their pop craftsmanship than for their avant schmavantism. You want challenging experimental ideas, try Captain Beefheart or Mantronix. The best you'll find here is some familiar mascara nihilism and garden variety dissonance. You want brilliant, bracing pop finessed with the care and grace of a Phil Collins album but made out of sonic nails and spikes

Top left: Two of the Cocteau Twins, Robin and Elizabeth, in search of an honest man. The third Twin, Simon, is looking elsewhere. Right: Jim Thirwell of Wiseblood and his mascara nihilism.

## Bruce Willis uses R&B as a totem of his rebellion. It's superficial: we're interested in him because he's a rebel, not because he's an R&B freak.

and other debris you don't hear in pop, this is your connection. The Foetus songs are uncommonly accessible, the Johnson track uncommonly ambitious. And it's possible that Wiseblood member/The The mixer Roli Mosmann deserves a lot of the credit for the success of both of these records

Tina Turner: "What You Get Is What You See" (Capitol)

I thought that after "What's Love Got to Do With It," *Private Dancer* sucked, and that except on video, "What's Love" was so good precisely because it had so little of Turner in it. But her new thing pees on your carpet and kills your plants. Everyone loves a comeback, and *Private Dancer* wrapped itself in the romance of a woman asserting herself after a life of abuse. So what if the music didn't cut it; personal tragedy and triumph override such petty considerations. But you can't come back twice in a row, and without this veil of romance, "What You Get Is What You See," like "Typical Male" before it, is tawdry without an excuse. That Turner at her age shrieks shit like "Some boys think they're God's gift to women/Some

boys are sweet enough to eat," and that a young Englishman writes such shit, reflects badly on us all. Encourage this and don't expect intelligent lifeforms to visit the planet in your lifetime.

Live Skull: "Swingtime" & "Raise the Manifestation" b/w "Pusherman" (Homestead)

Heard the Au Pairs' *Playing with a Different Sex* in a record store today (my time frame), and it whopped the shit out of the two grumbling one-riffers on the first side of this EP. Which isn't to say that Live Skull doesn't rock with more focus than ever before; just that making a point still counts for something. The Curtis Mayfield cover's kinda neat and kinda sucky, but isn't either seriously enough to make this anything more or less than a fun novelty song.

Masters of Ceremony: "Sexy" (Strong City)

Been waiting for it at least since the flip to "South Bronx" or the Just-Ice alb (as charismatic a rap elpee as yer likely to hear, by the way), and expect to hear a

lot of it in the next year. Reggaefied hip hop, that is. The stylistic and historical link to toasting has always been implicit, but most past attempts to exploit it have come up dry (see the Fat Boys' "Hardcore Hip Hop" or Run-D.M.C.'s "Roots Rap Reggae"). "Sexy" is as loose as it oughta be, with a hunka bass, a shuffle beat, bullshit toasting, and samples from "La-Di-Da-Di" and "Latoya." And unlike the two miscues in the parents above, it's about sex, not about being reggae. Which is much more interesting. Strong City is Jazzy Jay's label, and he produced the hell out of this opening volley. So many folks know how to make good rap records now it isn't funny.

Cocteau Twins: "Love's Easy Tears" & "Those Eyes, That Mouth" b/w "Sigh's Smell of Farewell" & "Orange Apple" (Relativity)

The Cocteau Twins take a good razzing in England for their juvenilia, but that's really their charm. They make cheery haircut music, dense and introspective, but betray little adult angst behind the group's lightly furrowed brow. To distinguish: adolescent angst is uneasiness over the impending apocalypse; adult angst is owning up that your marriage is falling apart and your husband is an alcoholic. These are love songs, as unspecific as R.E.M. and as lissome as 10,000 Maniacs. They sure sound pretentious, but I can't find the pretensions in these sweet washes of sound. Just cause they make you say "texture" a lot doesn't mean you can blame them for it. Call it arty ear candy.

## SIDESWIPEs

D.J. Polo & Kool G. Rap lift James Brown's "Funky Drummer" beat on the A-side of "It's a Demo" b/w "I'm Fly" (Cold Chillin'), and make one of the deftest arguments I've heard in a while on the flip. Folks who complain that rap is just rude boasting don't appreciate the poetry of real good boasting. . . . **Tiny Lights** live in New Jersey and sound it on the dull new age trippiness of "Flowers Through the Air," but redeem themselves on the psychotrippy "Zip-pitty-Do-Dah" (Hyper Delic). . . . **Colin James Hay** used to be in Men At Work but doesn't sound it on the One World funk of "Hold Me" (Columbia), his unenlightening and unsuccessful attempt to become a tall man's Paul Simon. . . . Marly Marl may be the world's coolest rap producer (for this week, anyway), and he proves it on **M.C. Shan's** "Jane, Stop this Crazy Thing" (Cold Chillin'), a way hot shuffle thing that juxtaposes crack with the Jetsons. . . . Not only is **Konk's** "Love Attack" the last and funkiest record of the month, but it's also on Dog Attack, and for that alone, you oughta send 'em nude Polaroids of your girlfriend.



Domini Bohen







# BON VIVANT

They came, they  
made videos,  
they conquered: Five  
nice guys  
from New Jersey  
find a place in  
the sun

Article by  
Glenn O'Brien.

Photography by  
Aristos Marcopoulos

**S**ometimes we find ourselves living out other people's fantasies. For example: me being sent to Negril, Jamaica, for five days, all expenses paid, to hang out at a swinging resort called Hedonism II with a band called Bon Jovi while they're being shot for MTV. This is definitely fantasyland for tens of thousands if not seven figures of nubles. Bon Jovi! Jamaica! Hedonism! MTV!

For me this experience will not approach the fantastic, although it will certainly beat shoveling snow, opening press releases, and watching the Knicks get humiliated by the Atlanta Hawks on TV. In fact this is nearly as close to vacationing as you can get while working, short of writing travel features (which is where rock writers go when they get old). But somehow as I jet south on the jumbo, Red Stripe beer in hand, I feel as though I have wandered into someone else's fantasy life—I have entered Fantasy Warp.

Suddenly I am convinced that somewhere there is a 15-year-old girl sitting naked in a hot tub between Jessica Lange and Charlotte Rampling, bored to death, dreaming of Bon Jovi. I think back to the faces of the young women at the office when they learned that I was off to a tropical island with Bon Jovi—those looks that radiated several deadly sins simultaneously, mainly Lust and Envy. Maybe the devil is involved in rock 'n' roll after all. He possesses press agents.

Bon Jovi! Right! They're five guys. They're a really big rock band. They play where the big hockey teams play. They have a top ten record and they have the No. 1 video in America. I might not know much about them. But I do know how to spell their name. And who's to say that ignorance of the group is a bad thing as I set off on a Caribbean journey of discovery. I can be totally objective. And if I hate them I'll still be tanned.

I really don't have a clue about them. Why? Because I live in Brooklyn and we don't have cable TV there yet because the city officials haven't finished getting paid off. So I asked SPIN's rock video critics, Roger Egbert and Gene Cisco, about Bon Jovi.

EGBERT: Well, Glenn, Bon Jovi is the prime example of a band that really made it big because of their videos.

CISCO: This has been the most requested video on MTV as far back as I can remember.



**"If you wanted to torture me you'd tie me down  
and force me to watch our first five videos. When this album came  
out we told the director if it wasn't right we'd kill him."**

O'BRIEN: But what makes this the No. 1 video?

EGBERT: This video gives you the feeling of what it's like to be onstage with Bon Jovi without having to worry about being pummelled by fat security guys in T-shirts. Guys can fantasize that they're in the band.

CISCO: And girls can fantasize that they're with the band. It's obvious that girls really dig Bon Jovi because they're a face band. It's not just overwhelming talent.

EGBERT: Gene's jealous because Jon used to go out with Diane Lane, the movie star.

CISCO: I am not.

EGBERT: You are too.

CISCO: Am not!

EGBERT: Are too!

O'BRIEN: But Rog, Gene, I still don't understand why this band is so huge.

EGBERT: It's simple. They have all the usual male metal fans plus millions of female fans. We call that "crossover demographics."

CISCO: Looks plus lasers equal big bucks.

O'BRIEN: But there are plenty of face men in the metallic field. Is there another reason why girls are so crazy about Bon Jovi?

CISCO: In the interest of fairness, let's let a girl answer that question.

GIRL: I think Jon is very handsome and Richie Sambora is very cute and Dave Bryan is very lovable and Tico Torres is very cuddly and Alec John Such is very Dudley Moore. But phenomenologically and semiotically speaking, the teen appeal of this band may be enhanced by their lyrics. Take the song "You Give Love a Bad Name," for example. Maybe girls actually enjoy anti-girl songs about that bitch who ruined my life. This could signify Jon's freedom from Diane Lane, or it could serve as a form of symbolic empowerment from the disenfranchised teenybopper. Let's examine some of their titles: "She Don't Know Me," "Love Lies," "Shot Through the Heart." Do we see a pattern emerging here?

An interesting concept. "You Give Love a Bad Name" is a song in the traditional rock genre, The Love Complaint Department.

You know: "An angel's smile is what you sell/You promise me heaven then you put me through hell."

But once you start to get into it, Bon Jovi's lyrics are actually pretty good. And sometimes they're really nice.

Like "Living on a Prayer":

*Tommy's got his six-string in hock  
Now he's holding in what he used  
To make it talk—so tough, it's tough  
Cina dreams of running away  
When she cries in the night  
Tommy whispers, Baby it's okay. Someday  
We've got to hold onto what we've got  
'Cause it doesn't make a difference  
If we make it or not  
We've got each other and that's a lot  
For love—we'll give it a shot*

It's working-class minstrelsy. Bon Jovi might dress like metal lite but their penmanship is very much in the Bruce/Southside Johnny/Joisey romantic tradition.

So anyway, Bon Jovi is one band that has been helped enormously by video. Not by the sheer artistry of their videos, but, I guess, because they're a face band. So it's only natural that MTV take them down to Jamaica for a little working vacation to shoot hours of spots. And to make things a little more interesting they stage a contest for the Bon Jovi fans. Send in a postcard and win a trip with the band.

So accompanying the band, their manager, their personal photographer, dozens of MTV workers including VJ Alan Hunter, English popstar Samantha Fox ("Touch Me I Want to Feel Your Body"), her father, two reporters from the London *Sun* who are following her, a guy from *Billboard*, and me and my



# Only

Only Löwenbräu is brewed in the world's great beer drinking countries. Brewed in Munich in England, Sweden, Canada, Japan, and here in America. Only Löwenbräu, by license and authority, must use Bavarian Hallertau hops and be checked for flavor and quality by the brewmasters of Löwenbräu, Munich. Only Löwenbräu gives you 600 years of Bavarian heritage in one smooth American beer.

**THIS WORLD CALLS FOR LOWENBRAU.**



**THINK OF IT AS THE  
WORLD'S SMALLEST DIGITAL PLAYER.**



Now you can take the dynamics of digital performance anywhere. With TDK HX-S. It captures the purity and nuances of digital sound like no other high-bias audio cassette.

Specifically designed to record digitally-sourced materials, HX-S offers four times the magnetic storage capability of other high-bias cassettes available today. Plus unmatched high-frequency MOL (Maximum Output Level) for optimum performance.

With all this going for it, HX-S does more than step-up your pocket-sized player. It also acts like fuel injection for your car audio system. And it can turn a boombox into a portable music hall.

TDK HX-S. One small step for digital. One giant leap for music-kind.

**TDK**  
**THE ART OF PERFORMANCE.**

TDK is the world's leading manufacturer of audio & video cassettes and tapes.



photographer Ari, are four Bon Jovi contest winners whose postcards were selected from 750,000 entries. Here at last are people who are living out some kind of fantasy.

There's Pam, a receptionist from Kansas City who moonlights as a hairdresser. There's the other Pam, who works in a shoe factory in Missouri. Her job is "sole searcher." She sifts the good soles from the bad. There's Joe, a Sheetrock hanger from Pennsylvania. He sort of won the trip by accident. His 15-year-old sister is a rabid Bon Jovi fan. She was underage for the trip so she entered Joe instead. Now she may hate him for the rest of his life. And then there's Rick. Rick is a salesman for a TV station in New Hampshire. Rick looks out of place. He doesn't look like a Bon Jovi fan. He just looks like a winner. And he's on a roll. Two nights before he left for Jamaica with Bon Jovi, Ben of Ben and Jerry's Ice Cream bought him dinner.

#### LOVE FOR SALE

Negril is a lot like heaven except that almost everyone wants to sell you something. Sugar cane, Red Stripe, T-shirts, woodcarvings, ganja, herb, grass, sinse, smoke, weed, magic mushrooms, or "80-percent rock, mon."

When you don't want to buy any of these things, people are very curious as to why you don't want to buy them.

But at Hedonism II things are different. This is a compound. It's fenced in with barbed wire and guarded by uniformed men with Dobermans. The people who come here don't want to go outside, because inside there's everything they want and it's all included. Four or five lavish meals a day, tropical drinks, disco, entertainment, pool, horseback riding, tennis, all water sports including a nude beach. It's like Club Med with a twist of Plato's Retreat. There's no kids allowed. The staff is always organizing games that involve passing a tropical fruit to another person without using one's hands, or a form of musical chairs that involves grabbing another person's "buns." And every Thursday night is Toga Night. "No sheet, no eat."

Of course this is the perfect place for MTV to operate, because the beach is fenced off and no ganja salesmen are going to walk up and pitch Alan Hunter while they're shooting. At Hedonism, the ganja sellers have to approach by sea, beckoning for people to swim out to their boat.

It's a fascinating place. Strolling by the nude beach, I become acquainted with the art of Topiary Bikini Waxing. Although the nude beach crowd seems to have a higher average age and weight than the regular beach crowd, they more than make up for it with the do's of their pubes. Half moons, neat pyramids, perfect circles, and cornrows with beads! And these nudists are just dying to get Bon Jovi autographs for their kids.

Well, Bon Jovi is just taking the whole thing in stride. They give all the autographs they're asked for and they do it graciously. They're friendly with the people who interrupt them. They hang out with the contest winners. And when Jon finds out that Joe's sister had entered him in the contest, Jon calls her back in Pennsylvania. When the hotel throws a cocktail party for the band, Dave, the keyboard guy, just makes himself at home behind the grand piano and tinkles the keys for the guests. No doubt about it, they're a grand bunch of swell guys.

When you talk to other people about Bon Jovi they all say "I really like them. They're really regular guys. They're really nice." And after a professional investigation I conclude: "I really like them. They're really regular guys. They're really nice."

Beach party Bon Jovi (L-R) Alec John Such, David Bryan, Jon Bon Jovi, Richie Sambora, and Tico Torres

#### A NICE REGULAR INTERVIEW

GLENN: What's your average day like?

JON: Wake up, do some boners, take a shower, and look at the newspaper to see what city I'm in. Do some phone interviews. Head over to do sound check. Try to get there early so Cinderella, our opening act, gets a check. Then I just hang out at the gig.

GLENN: Did you ever come out and say "Hello Cleveland!" when you were in Buffalo?

JON: Yeah, I've done it in front of as many as 45,000 people. People just sit there in a daze. They can't believe you're that stupid.

I used to think that the world was three different places: Japan, America, and Europe. Japan was like Beatlemania. I had always heard that everyone was too polite to applaud there, but they were crazy. The

JON: We're a rock 'n' roll band. End of story. I don't like to categorize music.

GLENN: Did you ever find yourself onstage in front of an audience you didn't identify with?

JON: We've opened up for some pretty weird combinations. We opened up for Scandal, for both of the Winter Brothers and Greg Kihn. We opened up for ZZ Top at Madison Square Garden before we even had an album out. Talk about a weird combination. When we got off the stage we realized it was the fastest set we'd ever done. I think it was 17 minutes. But we've always been brave. Our attitude has always been "Fuck it! Let's go get it!" I always dug the idea that it was a fight.

continued on page 98



kids were like Beatlemania. They were at the hotels 24 hours a day. They brought us presents. They chased the cars. They chased us on the streets. We had to stay in our hotels. It was weird because we'd go to Japan and we couldn't show our faces on the street and then we'd go home and we'd go to the pizza parlor or to 7-Eleven and nobody'd pay any attention to us.

Europe was really different because in the beginning the audiences were 95-percent male. Very much a leather-jacket-and-denim crowd. The Europeans are like a Slade song. A beer mug in-hand singalong. And that's pretty hip. That's where a lot of my Thin Lizzy kind of attitude comes from. The Europeans are pretty cool. Especially in England.

In America, of course, there's MTV and two or three rock 'n' roll stations in every city, and those things don't exist anywhere else in the world.

Now after four years and three albums every place has sort of equalled out. Now our audiences in Europe are pretty much half male and half female. In the States it was more female, now it's half and half. It took a while because in the beginning people didn't know what the hell Bon Jovi was. They didn't know if we were a jeans commercial or a pizza parlor.

The name didn't tell you if it was a rock 'n' roll band or a new wave band or what the fuck it was.

GLENN: If anybody asks you, what do you tell them?

**"We always hang out together. It's very much a blue jeans and sneakers kind of band, you know."**

# Come to Marlboro Country.



SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Smoking  
Now Greatly Reduces Serious Risks to Your Health.

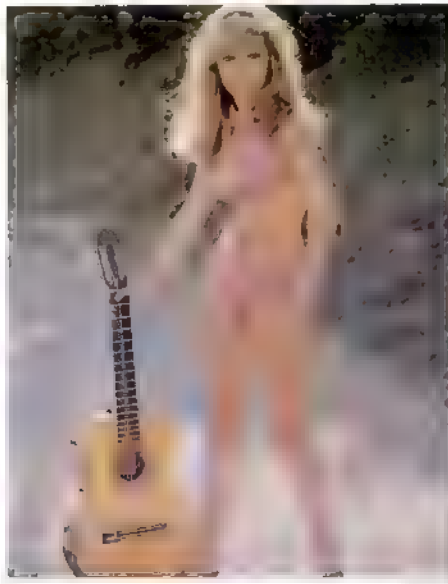




Strong, smooth, and pure, Marlboro Lights—  
a lighter you get a lot to like.

# SEX AS A WEAPON

Video made the video star. It made most of them female. Sex is their calling card, but will it also be their downfall? Tama Janowitz considers the question; Grace Jones, Belinda Carlisle, Aimee Mann, Rosie Vela, Marianne Faithfull, and others give their answers.



In the old days there used to be two kinds of movie stars: those who appeared in B movies—sex kittens, blond bombshells, and the like—and “serious” actresses. Nowadays, there are only serious actresses, because even if the actress has only gotten parts in horror movies, she still considers herself an actress and has probably been to school and gotten training in the Stanislavsky or whatever technique.

Now, with female rock stars, we are talking about a similar situation. Though few are talked about as “serious” musicians, some obviously are and most of the rest take themselves seriously enough for us to be able to take them seriously, too. They have public personalities which appear to be their own. They offer no apologies for their ambition. They all enjoy various degrees of artistic freedom. And they have entered the traditional domain of male rock stars.

In the '60s there seemed to be a few strong women rock stars, like Janis Joplin and Grace Slick, tough

women who appeared not to worry about looking pretty or being sexy, at least not in the conventional sense. And there were women folk singers, but they looked pretty and they sang pretty. But when you talk about rock stars in the '60s, what immediately comes to mind are the girl groups like the Crystals, the Ronettes and the Shangri-Las. These were girls who used their sex to sell someone else's product—the usually faceless writers and producers who made their records for them. In the '70s, with disco, it was the same thing. Apart from Donna Summer, how many female disco singers of the period can you name?

But now it seems as if, for the first time, there are many, many women vocalists who are not only talented and productive, but also enjoy the kind of celebrity that in previous times belonged solely to male rock stars. And Madonna has achieved the kind of status rarely awarded to women in rock 'n' roll: stardom on an international level. What she wears becomes a fashion, her every action is of as much in-

terest in England as their aristocracy, and in this country she is as compelling to the press as if she were . . . a movie star.

Well, how did this happen? Not all of these women write their own music; some are clearly fronts for producers. But the most successful ones are not just anonymous voices on some record player anymore, each has an individual and distinctive character of her own. The obvious reason for this is the rock video. Previously, photographs and posters and album covers gave performers an image, but it was a static, two-dimensional image. Video has allowed them to color and shape their own personalities. They are personalities unto themselves, exactly as the female movie stars of the '40s and '50s used to be, when actresses supplied various American male fantasies about

Above: Nancy Sinatra in boots made for walking. Right, Madonna in a rare camera-shy moment.

Essay by Tama Janowitz







Above: Grace Jones quickening the Italian pulse. Center, Marianne Faithfull at home. Right: Lita Ford

women. There was June Allyson, utterly nice to the point of stickiness, and there was Joan Crawford, the tough broad, and there was Marilyn Monroe, sex plastered with innocence. Today, we see similar types updated in the likes of Belinda Carlisle, Sheila E, Madonna, etc.

Now, in our society, we have these movie stars and these rock stars, and they are to us, in a slightly different way, what the gods and goddesses were to the ancient Romans and Greeks. On the one hand, we worship and admire these people, they are the objects of our fantasies; and on the other hand, we are secretly angry at them and long to be them. Just like in the ancient days, there is hope on the part of mortals for immortality, for an invitation from the gods to join them on Mount Olympus. That is why *People* magazine holds so much appeal: to study the lives of these gods and goddesses somehow makes us feel that, given the right opportunity, the right stroke of luck, we might become one of them. And also that, somehow, riches and fame bring happiness. This would seem natural because, after all, it is only the absence of riches and fame in our own lives that is preventing us from being happy.

So for women, ordinary women, male rock stars are fantasy sex figures, and women rock stars are holding desirable positions career wise that would no doubt be fun jobs to have. Now, for men, for

ordinary men, the assumptions are reversed. The difference is that most women in this society are operating from a position of powerlessness. Despite the changes over the last 20 years, women still earn only 63% of what men earn, for the most part we are still cleaning the house and cooking the dinner, raising the children, and worrying about getting older. Men are still thought of as becoming more attractive and desirable as they get older, while women, with rare exceptions, are merely thought of as losing their looks and sexuality.

When we as women who are not rock stars look at women who are rock stars, their jobs, their lives, seem to go hand in hand with having power. These women who are rock stars, even if they are sexy on stage, are not porno stars. They are not there on stage just because they have large firm breasts, they are not selling sex directly. And while there are women who are intelligent and who are also porn and soft-porn stars, what they are marketing is so purely physical that there can only be one end result: physical deterioration and loss of job. Also, since the job of porn star is based only on physical attributes, incurring the lust of men this way is also to incur their contempt and rage and hate, which very often seem to follow lust directly.

Interestingly, in Madonna's latest video, in which she plays a burlesque dancer in a strip parlor, she is playing a role perhaps only she can afford to



play: an immortal making a whimsical visit to the gutter of humanity. Lust may be dangerous as dynamite for mortals to play with, but it's a harmless excursion for her, a day trip.

This is because Madonna is not merely selling sex—she is representing power. It was no coincidence that the largest part of her audience on tour was made up of teenage girls. As with many of these new female rock stars, it was girls who discovered them first. Standing on stage, playing an instrument and/or singing, these women appear very powerful. They are in charge, they are in control, they are not standing at the edge of the stage worshipping some man, they are the ones with the power. Like Sylvia Plath said in her novel, *The Bell Jar*, "I don't want to be the place the arrow shoots from; I want to be the arrow." Anyway, these weren't her exact words, but what she said was along those lines—because who, after all, wants to be the one supporting and nurturing some fabulous male creature who has all the cards in his deck, when, for a change, the woman herself might be the one getting the praise, the admiration, the attention, and making it all happen?

In the movies, it is hard for women to get really good roles. There just aren't many, perhaps because there is simply too much market demand for lesser, supporting roles for women. Hollywood says that we're not interested in seeing anything about the lives of women, except for the rare exception of movies like *Crimes of the Heart* or *Country*, or something like *Aliens*, where a woman substitutes for the traditional male role. Art follows life, and slowly. So the very nature of the female rock superstar is also what makes her so precious and vulnerable, like the butterfly that triumphantly metamorphoses out of the caterpillar but lives only a few days. Female rock stars essentially created by video may well burn up in their own bright glory. In a way, video is like some science fiction energy source that takes ordinary and due success and makes of it mutant superstardom. How these mutations, male and female, but especially female, will survive remains to be seen. They are too new for us to tell yet.

## MADONNA

I couldn't be a success without also being a sex symbol. I'm sexy. People associate a girl who's successful with a bimbo or an airhead. I think people want to see me as a little tart bimbo who sells records because I'm cute and record companies push 'em because they know they can make a fast buck on my image.

## SHEILA E

I'm not trying to sell sex. I just don't like wearing a lot of clothes onstage, it's uncomfortable. It's not like I like to show off my body or anything, I'm too skinny and all kinds of things, but when I get onstage I feel like I could kinda go out there and wear nothing and play.

## GRACE JONES

I'm a sex symbol in Italy. In America, I'm more of this androgyny; we're not quite sure what she is. There's a mystery there. Even when I was super feminine, I was still androgynous. Even if I come out in a dress like Marilyn Monroe, with my physique the angles of my face, I still look like a male in drag. It's my attitude, and I use it to my advantage.

## MARIANNE FAITHFULL

The image I had at first was just whatever it was. I had no control over it. I think that was what I actually was, an extremely nice, lovely, wholesome little girl. I didn't go to the recording studio for "As Tears Go By" in my Catholic school uniform, that's just legend, thrown in as a sexual turn-on. Men find that to be such a turn-on. To women, that's inconceivable. That was a male-generated fantasy. And a lot of my reputation has been built on fantasy. But considering what could have been done to me I really didn't have too hard a time.

**Posters and album covers gave performers an image, but it was a static, two-dimensional image. Video has allowed them to shape their own personalities.**



B.C. Kagan



Mark Weiss



#### BELINDA CARLISLE

The Go-Gos' image was just us. That's the way we were. Growing up in Thousand Oaks, California, I was very sheltered and had no idea about sexism in rock. I was so naive that I started the Go-Gos thinking it would be easy.

#### MARIANNE FAITHFULL

There are many, many histories where women in rock 'n' roll have been controlled by dependencies, two of which are sex and drugs. Sex and drugs go together with women. My relationship with Mick Jagger was very much an unhealthy dependency, which involved sex and drugs and rock 'n' roll. I think the rogue element, that goes on in rock 'n' roll and has gone on in music forever, is sex.

#### LITA FORD

The Runaways were young, and we listened to what everybody else told us. Someone said wear this, and we'd go, "Oh, okay." The Runaways were out

Left: Belinda Carlisle flips up the shades to field a grounder. Right: Tina Turner flashes the steal sign

there just for the boys and it was very difficult to take us seriously because of the way we presented ourselves.

#### MARY WILSON

With the Supremes, we were really handled by Motown. It wasn't women versus men because we had men handling our business. Women today have their own businesses and we're running things. And *there* is the problem. Even though there are so many women who are in great positions, the men are still the ones who you really have to talk to. In negotiating deals, I find that men don't respond so well to me. They prefer to talk to a man.

#### AIMEE MANN

There was a situation once where we did a photo session and the makeup man scraped all my hair back and put on very, very red lipstick and white face, so it had this real dominatrix kind of feeling to it, and the photographer wanted to pose the three guys in the band in such a way that it was supposed to look like they were my slaves or something! At first we didn't know what was going on. They say, "I know you feel silly but it looks great," and so on. There's a million different ways you can be tricked

**"If women don't wear hardly any clothes and sing songs about sex in a real breathy voice, I don't think that's sexism; it's the way people are."**

**—Exene**

#### BELINDA CARLISLE

The whole sex thing was uncomfortable for us. Like the cover of *Rolling Stone*, with us in underwear; that caused a lot of shit, but the thing was, we were laughing at the typical way a female band could be packaged. A lot of people thought we were serious about it.

#### MARTI JONES

Sometimes in a band situation with guys, I used to be real paranoid, like "You guys don't take me seriously because I'm the only chick in the group."



*wear it well into the night.*

pierre rolin ma





**"But after we sold 3 or 4 million albums, we thought we wouldn't be treated like an all-girl band anymore, but as a rock 'n' roll band. That never really worked."  
—Belinda Carlisle**

Or, "You think I'm stupid just because I'm a girl." There was none of that going on, but it was my own paranoia that made me think that, so therefore I'd be watching for signs of not being taken seriously. So I think it was more me than it was anybody else.

#### LITA FORD

I don't want to wear a garter belt on my next album cover. Fuck that. I'd rather wear Levi's and a torn-up sweatshirt. Then maybe someone will pick up my record and look at the music instead of looking at what I've got on. You have to prove yourself musically, then do all that shit later. Maybe Vanity needs to be Vanity because she can't sing.

#### ROSIE VELA

If Alison Moyet wanted to lose her weight and look like Madonna, she's free to do so at any point in time. But what is expected of us is to do good music. And that's the main pressure. Once you've done that, you can throw some mascara on. Or some torn-up jeans. I don't think it's about skin and dance routines. Bottom line is what you sound like. It's not about a visual thrill. That's icing on the cake. If you can do that part, great.

#### BELINDA CARLISLE

We never had bad experiences because we were all girls, except there are some program directors in

this country who, when you'd have to go schmooze them, they'd put their hand on your leg. That happened a few times, but that was a long time ago.

#### NANCY SINATRA

I had to cater to guys a lot. I had to placate them, stroke them a little, and always keep my place.

#### MARIANNE FAITHFULL

Women allow themselves to be victimized; they don't have to put up with it. I don't see how it could have been any different for me when I was just starting, 20 years ago, when I was 17. How would I know these things? It's not men who have changed, or the business, but women coming to this recognition, that's changed. It's in their hands. They don't have to tolerate that kind of behavior.

#### SYD STRAW

Any woman who allows herself to be manipulated is probably controlling her own destiny. I mean, nobody can zip you into that leather miniskirt and make you bend over. Nobody can make you do that. No one's ever going to make me do that. People do a lot of crazy things to get ahead, and go to great lengths, and I think some women, and men, allow themselves to be more manipulated than others, because, perhaps, they just don't know what they want to present.

#### PATTI SMITH (1973)

Rock 'n' roll is for men. Real rock 'n' roll is a man's job. I want to see a man up there. I want to see a man's muscles, a man's veins. I don't want to see no chick's tit banging against a bass.

#### SYD STRAW

Rock 'n' roll isn't necessarily a man's world. Not when I'm up there. It's my world. I have a good time

up there. And out on the road, I definitely have to feel that it's not a man's world, because I'm not a man and I'm doing it.

#### EXENE

I don't think rock 'n' roll has anything to do with sexism or racism; I just think there's a basic stupidity in the music industry, the bands, the awards. The whole thing is on an intelligence level that's really substandard.

If women dress like sluts and don't wear hardly any clothes and sing songs about heavy sex in a real breathy voice, I don't think that's sexism; it's the way people are. It's the way the whole country is. I don't think it matters if these women are using the industry. They're just a bunch of people who all want the same thing. It doesn't matter because it's not part of the real world, as far as I'm concerned. It's part of another world that I'm not interested in.

#### AIMEE MANN

In a way, I guess it's a man's world, but I don't reside in that world. I'm not really interested in a man's world.

#### STACEY Q

It's not about being a woman, it's about being an attractive woman. It's true. And it's the same for males. Why do you think all the heavy metal guys go heavy on the big image look, that pretty boy look? I don't know, maybe the Beastie Boys are going to change that now.

#### ANNIE LENNOX

People have changed. I'm not talking about sexuality



Left: Patti Smith. Above: Aimee Mann of 'til Tuesday. Right: Exene Cervenka of X.





only, although there is a lot of sexuality being changed. There are a lot of women in positions now who 50 years ago—10 years ago—never would have dreamt that they could have those kind of roles. And men happily bringing kids up and not feeling threatened that it's not a manly thing to do. So society is changing. The sexes are not so much at loggerheads with each other anymore.

#### ROSIE VELA

There was an era that only wanted male supremacy. And that's okay, y'know. It gave people like me time to work things out.

#### GRACE JONES

By using their femininity and sexuality, women are now going to start taking over the world. Before, the whole women's lib thing was anti that, because it was more male-controlled, now that women are controlling their sexuality and using it to their own advantage, it has a lot of power.

#### TINA TURNER

I don't think I was a dumb woman for staying with Ike. I think it took a smart woman, because we had a business and there was money involved, and because there was family. When I left I left for all or nothing, except what I learned from Ike Turner,

which was a lot. I think I became a great performer. He was a very good businessman too, and I'd made tons of money.

#### MARIANNE FAITHFULL

My first role models were very unhealthy role models, in my mythical life. I took the sickest role models I could find. Nearly all of them have been black, which is already a difficult situation, an out-aw situation. To be a woman and to be black and to be a musician and therefore to be dependent on a male patriarchal society is almost an impossible situation to get through. And because Billie Holiday was the sickest, she attracted me most.

#### BELINDA CARLISLE

I had mostly male role models, like Bryan Ferry, until Debbie Harry came along. There weren't really any women in music I could relate to, but there were in movies. Like, I was a big fan of Ann-Margret, Tuesday Weld and girl-girls. Female images were more on the butch side, like the Runaways and Joan Jett, and I really couldn't relate to it.

#### LITA FORD

Why the fuck hasn't there been a female Jimi Hendrix, a female guitar great? Because no one ever put in the effort and stuck to it. I thought, I'm

going to get up there and fucking do it myself. The reason that I've stuck with using male musicians is that I thought men would be stronger and stick with the fight that I knew that I had to go through. A lot of women's families keep them from doing that. It might be difficult for a young girl to pick up a guitar and just want to crank it through a Marshall in her living room, whereas a boy would get away with it.

#### PATTI SMITH (1973)

I was lucky because I was most captivated by Bob Dylan and not Robert Plant. It was easy for me to slip inside Bob Dylan's persona and then burst that apart to make it a more feminine thing.

I had acted like a boy for so long that I didn't know how to act like a woman. I hadn't worn a dress for years. The only way I could learn about being a woman was from other women, so I got completely captivated by girls, which everyone took for a lesbian thing. But all I wanted to do was make myself more feminine.

#### ELOISE

I do a lot of things with the Beastie Boys, but singing isn't one of them. I wake up, take a nap, eat, then get in my cage. I'm just happy to be in there. I don't think I'm ready to be let out yet. I don't think anybody would feel real comfortable with me out of my cage. For now, I'm best off in it.



#### ROSIE VELA (ABOVE)

I think that women have broken ground, Sade's broken ground. Madonna has broken ground. Chrissie Hynde is a true artist. And she did it originally. I mean, ten years ago I remember that with record producers and other musicians, if a woman had any makeup on then she wasn't considered serious at all.

#### MADONNA

People don't want to like me. And that's because you're not supposed to be flirty unless you're an airhead. And they say I do all this stuff to my appearance and look the way I do because I want to please men. I'm doing it because I like it. If I don't like it, no one's going to. I do it because it turns me on.

Interviews by Scott Cohen,  
Sukey Pett, and Karen McBurnie



# *Come to Bacardi*

*Where It's Always Delicious*



*Bacardi rum & O.J.*



*Bacardi rum.  
The mixable one.  
Made in  
Puerto Rico.*

BACARDI AND THE BAT DEVICE ARE REGISTERED  
TRADEMARKS OF BACARDI & COMPANY LIMITED  
© 1987 BACARDI IMPORTS INC., MIAMI, FL. RUM 80 PROOF





# LUBBOCK CALLING

Sitting around of a late Sunday afternoon at Joe Ely's place, the talk turns back to Lubbock one more time. Maybe it always will. The creek has settled back down after this last week's rain flooded it out against the field, the road between Austin and the ranch is open again, and Jimmie Gimore's here to bring back the microphones he borrowed for his show last night at the Broken Spoke. Butch Hancock came along for the ride and they're both sitting over close by the fire where it's good and warm.

Another reason they're here is this theater guy from San Francisco wants the whole bunch of them, all the notorious Lubbock expatriates—Joe and Sharon Ely, Butch and Jimmie and Jo Carol Pierce, Terry and Jo Harvey Allen and all—to write and act in this play he's planning on producing if he can come up with some funding. Which is an interesting concept and everything—maybe a little loose in the joints, but that's about right too. It sounds like maybe he's figuring on getting his funding by busting into some art council's secret vault—something about accurate determinations of currently outstanding grant-in-aid assessment—but that's okay. If it happens to all fall together, that's just fine. If it doesn't, nobody'll hold it against him. They've already gone back to telling Lubbock stories again anyway, starting with the Lubbock Lights.

Now the Lubbock Lights were famous UFOs that swung low over the Hub city back in 1957, back when flying saucer fever was pitched way up high. "I have kind of like a little theory, you know?" Sharon Ely says. "One of the things that was happening during that time was there was a lot of honkytonks up in West Texas, and country music on the weekends, and everybody up there dances in a circle. I mean, I danced in a circle at the Cotton Club, and it causes a frenzy of heat and energy, and I think these Lubbock Light things that were flying over West Texas have this way of detecting heat energy, you know? And 'cause it's so fun, they probably went down and saw all these circles of heat rising up from all these honkytonks and they probably wondered 'What the hell is goin' on?'"

Good question. If it was country music and Texas two-stepping that put Lubbock on the interstellar roadmap, it must have been the Cotton Club that kept the saucers hovering overhead in a low circle. The Cotton Club had been the last stop in Texas for the big touring Western swing bands like Bob Wills and his Texas Playboys before they headed out for the coast, and it served the likes of Ernest Tubb and Hank Williams too. The original club burned down but it was resurrected with futuristic slumblock architecture just in time for Elvis Presley and the flying saucer jockeys to show up. And through it all, spaceships or not, the Lubbock locals kept up their West Texas waltz, their enduring shuffle around the dance floor.

"Joe and I was talking about that particular time," says Sharon. "The cotton was doin' great, there was gamblers, there was railroads running, there was a lot of energy coming through Lubbock. I mean, farmers were drivin' Cadillacs! There were more



The Texas plains have produced a lot of honkytonk heroes. Joe Ely fits in just fine.

Article by Bart Bull

Photography by Alan Messer

Cadillacs sold in West Texas than in any place in the United States. It was a high-energy place."

And that's not even to mention Buddy Holly. Lubbock's most notable export besides Phillips 66 gasoline—and of even higher octane. Holly had a Cadillac too, pink with blue Naugahyde upholstery, and Joe Ely used to own one just exactly like it until the guy who was repainting it went crazy from too many paint fumes and wound up in a mental hospital and the Caddy just plain disappeared. Now Joe's got a Honda station wagon he's thinking of getting rid of. And a three-year-old daughter Marie Elena, named after Buddy Holly's wife. Seems like there's a trade-off for everything in life.

The San Francisco fellow has a theory about the Lubbock Lights that dovetails neatly with Sharon's. Oddly, maybe, but neatly. He reckons that it had a lot to do with the circular mounds the plains Indian tribes built, and the fact that they too danced in a circle.

"And Stonehenge was a dance hall," Butch adds helpfully. Butch is showing his notebook around, cartoons and photographs and words all woven together into one lumpy life. Butch writes songs too, a lot of them have made real fine appearances on Joe Ely records, and he also has a real nicely evolved theory of his own about the wild winds that blow all the way down from the North Pole with no interruption at all until they hit Yellow House Canyon and dump raw unadulterated oddball energy right over top of Lubbock—the wind's own domain, home of the dusty hurricane, the original wide open space. "Plus it was Tornado Alley, so there was already this elemental circular thing going on."

"Counterclockwise," Jimmie Gilmore notes. He can afford to be quiet—he sang at the Broken Spur last night. The Broken Spur is probably the closest thing to the Cotton Club that's left in Austin and, well, let's put it this way: if Heaven looks a lot like Texas, the saints will spend Saturday night dancing at the Broken Spur. Jimmie's songs have showed up on Joe Ely's records

too, including one that starts out "Did you ever see Dallas from a DC-9 at night?" a line that can sing itself. He can afford to be quiet. "Counterclockwise in the Northern Hemisphere."

"Like drains," says Butch. "Dervishes dance counterclockwise too." So do West Texans. Always.

"I remember watching toilets before I went to Australia," Joe says, stretching back, "made sure and flushed 'em and remembered which way they went. And I got to Australia and the first thing I did was flush a commode. But their holes are square. . . ."

Somebody or other starts speculating about the Lubbock Lights again, and how maybe what they were up to was they were out scouting around for Buddy Holly and maybe he didn't actually die in that plane crash but got picked up by space folks. Of course that would also mean that the outer space fellows got Ritchie Valens and the Big Bopper as pure gravy. Anyway, somehow or other, this reminds Joe of a little story about this cousin of his back in Lubbock who grew onions one year.

He didn't know anything about onions, never grew any before this, but he went on ahead and planted onions. Got so all you could smell was onions. Since he hadn't ever raised any onions before he didn't know where to sell 'em when it came harvest time, so he picked and loaded 'em all up and went to a Furr's supermarket in Lubbock. Maybe it was garlic and not onions—anyway, he went up to the manager, and the manager said, Sure, we'll take a gallon or two. Well, he had a whole truckload of these garlics or onions, whichever, and after he'd drove around to supermarkets all over town and they each took a gallon or two, he could see he wasn't getting nowhere. Finally he got so mad he just took it all home and dumped the whole load out in the middle of his field. They just set there and rotted and his neighbors got mad because it smelled so bad and he had to hire someone to come out and dig a hole to bury all these onions. Cost him five hundred bucks.

"Needless to say, there were no werewolves in Lubbock County that year," Butch says.

Saturday, sometime nice and safe past noon, Joe Ely comes riding up from across the field to the big fire-ringing by the old outhouse, riding up slow and easy. Then he leans over the handlebars of his bike and takes a poll about breakfast. Sharon's just been telling how it was that winter when Joe was off in Australia—it was summer in the Southern Hemisphere and cold as hell in Texas—and the baby was just less than a year old when the IRS came by to say they were taking the ranch.

There's an old Chevy stepside pickup truck with baby moon hubcaps parked over by the guest house raising a fresh crop of rust but the last time it ran was when the Clash boys came by and Joe and Strummer and Jones went bouncing around all over the place with no brakes. We'll take the Honda—it's got brakes and a tapedeck both. On the way to breakfast we can listen to some of the tapes Joe's been making over in his studio there on the other side of that big live-oak shade tree.

There's a shelf in that little stone-walled studio with rough mixes and master tapes and live takes all stacked up together. Joe says he counted them up one time and figured out he's got 105 unreleased songs sitting up there on that shelf. There's an entire finished and completed album up there called *Dig All Night* that he made in Los Angeles a year ago. He was flying back and forth, playing shows with an acoustic guitar all over Texas to pay his bills, and the IRS used to show up sometimes to hear the music and watch the money as it got counted. He thought he was all through with MCA, the record company that had put out his first six records, but an interesting clause or two in his contract meant that they owned this one too. *Dig All Night* had some of the best songs Joe Ely has ever written, and he'd gone ahead and reached for a radio-savvy sound with a

**Joe Ely is Big In Texas, which is sort of like being Big In Japan but you save a lot of money on makeup.**







**"He'd come in the Cotton Club with a revolver and blow six holes through the ceiling before the band started, just to alert everybody."**

bankable producer, but the powers that be at MCA decided they weren't going to put it out

Aw, but that sort of thing gets old—you can grind your teeth down to the gums worrying over it but all that'll get you is shiny new dentures. The little truck stop with the best chicken-fried steak is closed and we end up at a café with picnic tables outside, the kind of place where they put the chips and salsa down before you order, just the way God intended. A pack of half-grown kittens, living wild and starving fierce, are prowling as close as they dare. It's always easy to talk about Buddy Holly, but it's especially easy over breakfast. "I'll never forget the first time I realized that Buddy Holly actually grew up in Lubbock, 'cause I never knew it. The population kind of suppressed it. They didn't really want rock 'n' roll to be associated with a West Texas cotton farming town." And to a kid in Lubbock, deep in the rectum of Texas, there was nothing but inspiration in discovering that you were standing around in the same dust Buddy Holly stood around in.

"He recorded everything he did in 18 months. I've listened to a lot of that stuff he did in New York with full-blown strings and actually that's some of the most beautiful arrangements you'll ever hear. Some of the stuff that I've been doing all by myself in my studio was directly affected by stuff like 'True Love Ways.' " Up on that studio shelf is stuff that sounds more like Buddy Holly than anything Joe Ely's ever put on a record—he's from the same place as Buddy Holly, shares all the same traditions and tastes, and he's never once done anything that you could call a copy, an imitation. It's a small revelation to hear a tape of a tune so dead-simple and direct that if Buddy was around to hear it, it'd probably give him the hiccups. But it's one of those things you make because it pleases you, not because you figure it's what the world wants from you. Joe tears a piece off his tortilla and tosses it over to the kittens. They dive like demons and grab it, growling and gulping and

frantic for more. You've got to eat

"I just now thought of this guy back when I was in fifth grade who had a Fender guitar and a Fender amplifier. At the time I was playing a little violin in the orchestra and it was my first contact with somebody who actually played the guitar. The stuff that really had an impact on me is stuff that I usually don't come up with when I'm doing an interview because I just don't think of some little incident that may have changed my whole musical direction. Just seeing this fella play guitar, that was a major influence in my life that made me lay down the violin, get a guitar by the time I was in sixth grade and play in a band by the time I was in seventh grade. I was totally fascinated by all that twangy stuff on the guitar—'Apache,' and all those songs. And Buddy Holly songs."

By high school, he'd hooked up with Jimmie Gilmore, who'd known Butch Hancock since they were little kids. Bands fell together and fell apart—one even did some demos with Buddy Holly's daddy producing—but by 1971 they all three fell into something called the Flatlanders. The Flatlanders were a throwback to traditional country music in some ways, and a long step toward the future in some others. There was a mandolin and a musical saw and they played their first show at Lubbock's Unitarian Church. They were something like a Next Big Little Thing for a while but the album they cut in Nashville never seemed to come out. Does any of this start to sound familiar at all?

Butch got mad and Jimmie got religion and Joe just hit the road. He wandered out to Venice, California, for a while, hitchhiked around, hopped freight trains, wound up in New York, worked as a janitor in a theater, tried to make it through a winter up there, tried to make a little money. "I just suddenly realized that New York wasn't the place to be, so I came back to Texas with the intent of putting a band together. I was sidetracked for about three months—I

guess Lubbock was too much to handle after New York City, so I joined Ringling Brothers' circus.

"I led the llamas and the world's smallest horse in the parades. Swept up elephant shit. I hit every stop in Texas, New Mexico, and Oklahoma. I was kinda infatuated with the Bulgarian girl who did about four flips off the shoulders of her four brothers and landed on a big wide horse's back while he was going in circles. And I was actually secretly in love with her and I'd watch her every time between breaks that I had. And one time I was leading the horses out of the ring and I was trying to keep an eye on her, because she was fixin' to do her big drum-roll flip, and there were a couple of new guys that didn't know you had to keep the mares away from the studs, so these guys had got the horses mixed up and my horse reached up and sniffed the ass of the stud horses to where one let out a kick and it caught me in the ribs, knocked me out. The horses were running out and the elephants were coming in and all I saw were stars. I woke up to the lion tamer sayin' 'You all right?' So that was about my last day in the circus. Went back to Lubbock to put a band together—I figured that had to be safer." He doesn't know what happened to the Bulgarian acrobat.

"I started looking up friends that I'd played with and started putting together all the songs that I had in my suitcase and on napkins and stuff. Actually put together all of 20 or 30 songs that nobody'd ever heard before, started goin' out and playin' 'em in West Texas honkytonks, and people liked 'em. So we put a honkytonk band together and went out and played these joints like the old Cotton Club, these old joints that Jerry Lee and Bob Wills and all those guys had played years before. And we could tell the songs were good by how many fights there were at night. If it was a good set, there'd be a lot of fights. And if people got up and danced in a circle, it was a good sign."

Joe and his band were playing the Cotton Club



## If Buddy Holly was around to hear it, it'd give him the hiccups.

when MCA records spotted them. "The manager I had at the time was this West Texas wildman gambler type. Big talker, practical joker. The first thing he did was shake the hand of the vice-president of the record company with one of those hand-buzzer things. That's probably the best thing he ever did as a manager. I admired him for that, but I didn't admire him when he'd come in the Cotton Club with a revolver and blow six holes through the ceiling before the band started, just to alert everybody."

It was an auspicious start. But by 1977, when his first record came out, country-rock had muddied the water, the outlaw country marketing shtick had started to fray at the edges, and Ely'd never quite fit in with either one anyway. He was too country but not country enough; the band's sound harkened back to an older sound of country music, and yet it rocked more than a respectable country radio station would consider seemly. His first few albums had Butch and Jimmie's songs as well as his own, and if Jimmie wrote very traditionally, and Butch wrote very screw-loose, the middle ground that Joe's songs staked out was still too far gone for easy marketing. It was all original and traditional in exactly the way great country music had always been, but original and traditional were exactly what the business of country music was just getting rid of.

And besides that, there weren't a whole lot of people left in the country music industry who even knew where Lubbock was, much less why somebody'd care to live there. As for the business of rock 'n' roll, anybody with a level head balanced up above his shoulders was supposed to be able to figure out that it was supposed to be one or the other, rock or country, but not both—d n't matter how they did things in Texas. So Joe Ely and his band cut some hot record albums that never sold any too tremendously, were a big hit in England and Europe, where the idea of a real live honkytonking band with an accordion and a pedal steel guitar came across like a warm breeze in a long winter. They toured back and forth all over Texas and the Southwest, working what little was left of the roadhouse circuit, and they spent a lot of time hanging out at C B Stubblefield's barbecue joint in Lubbock, drowning their sorrows in thick sauce. Stubbs is the barbecue guru of the Lubbock scene, a big, big black man in a

Joe Ely buzzing with the band (l-r) Davis McLarty, Ely, and David Crissom.

square-set Stetson hat, with a tendency to pull his apron off in the midst of the sittin'-in sessions at his place on Sunday nights and sing a version of "House of the Rising Sun" that catches up with the band whenever the band gets lucky and catches up with him. "I think music and barbecue and good people is a part of life just like anything else in this world," Stubbs says by way of summing up his philosophy.

Joe met his sax player Smokey Joe at Stubbs's, bent low over the jukebox and playing along. There's the possibility that Smokey Joe is maybe just a little bit crazy—one time they were all packed up and ready to pull out after a show in Nashville or someplace but Smokey Joe is nowhere to be found. Finally they come across him standing next to a big biker who's idling his Harley while Smokey Joe lays riffs over top of the rumble-burp rhythm. He told the band to go ahead down the road without him, because where else in the world was he ever going to find another pan-head Harley with its idle set just right?

So it just might be that Joe Ely gets exactly what he asks for, if you know what I mean. There's other sax players in the world, after all—but then which one of them sounds just exactly like Smokey Joe Miller? It's like with the wasps, in a way. Joe's given all his tortillas and a fair share of the rest of his breakfast to those snarling kittens when a yellowjacket lights for a moment and reminds him of another story. "One summer I got stung by a couple of yellowjackets when I was out in a storeroom by the house. And about a week later I got stung by these big old red wasps. And there's something about the stuff that they sting you with—you know it's a poison, but it kind of makes your adrenalin flow. And I found myself kind of hanging around wasps' nests. And Sharon would say, Joe, what're you doin'? And I'd be out trying to fix something with a wasps' nest right there by it. I'd find myself really trying to get stung. I was kinda doin' it not consciously, I guess, but I was hanging around a lot of wasps' nests."

Ah, but by now you know how that West Texas waltz works—it all comes around in a big loopy

circle. Counterclockwise. Smokey Joe is cooking barbecue at Stubbs's place, which is in Austin nowadays because Stubbs got in so deep with the IRS boys it didn't make sense to stick around Lubbock any longer. And Joe Ely's looking to keep from getting stung again.

*My great great-grandfather fought the Civil War  
On the side of the South in the infantry corps  
My great-grandfather prospected for gold  
In the wilds of Alaska, in the Yukon cold  
My own grandfather was a hell of a man  
Rode the rails to Amarillo in the blowin' sand  
All this makes me wonder what they'll say about me?*

*Aw, he's just some maniac rambler in a  
crazy century. . .*

—"Grandfather Blues," by Joe Ely

Saturday night is the second of two shows in a row over at the Back Room in Joe's new hometown of Austin, and if last night was anything like an indication, there'll be a good six or seven hundred Texans there, all of 'em ready to go wild from the moment Joe Ely's new band plugs in. Tonight's show is something a little special too, because Will Sexton's band is opening the show and Will's big brother Charlie is in town and planning on sitting in. Charlie used to be Ely's guitar player back in the days when he was known around Austin as Little Charlie, now Will has a contract with MCA just like his brother—well, not just like his brother's—and Joe Ely is going to be producing the first record.

But let's get serious now. It's Saturday night, after all, and if we hustle over to the Broken Spoke, we can catch a set or two from Jimmie Gilmore's band before Joe's show starts. There aren't any flying saucers overhead when we go in but it's only just about 9.30, and the band's just starting. Jimmie sings some Jimmie Rodgers and Lefty Frizzell and some of his own, all in that beautiful relaxed voice of his, like Hank Snow had somehow shrugged off 40 years of age and showed up at the Broken Spoke to play one last Saturday dance. There's as many two-stepping

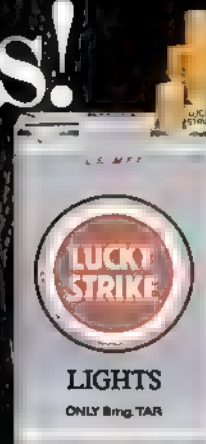
continued on page 96



© A.T.Co. 1987

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette  
Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.

ENTER THE  
“Lucky World of Wheels”  
Sweepstakes!



Filters Soft Pack: 10 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report June '85. Lights: 8 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.



GRAND PRIZE  
1988 Pontiac Firebird GT

SECOND PRIZES

3. Honda Nigh-hawk S Motorcycle



THIRD PRIZES

(5) Honda Fourtrax 250 4 Wheel



“Lucky World of Wheels” Sweepstakes  
Clip and mail to: Lucky World of Wheels Sweepstakes  
PO Box 19 New York, NY 10046

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

**RULES**  
1. NO PURCHASE NECESSARY. To enter complete the official entry form on p. 3. 35¢ card only, your name, address, city, state and zip code. Include with your entry an empty package of LUCKY STRIKE Lights® (not a cigarette) or a hand print on the words “LUCKY WORLD OF WHEELS” SWEEPSTAKES on a break at 3/5. Limit 1.  
2. Enter as often as you wish. But each entry must be mailed in a separate envelope. All entries must be received by June 30, 1987 to be eligible for mechanically generated entries accepted.  
3. Winners will be selected July 20, 1987 in a random drawing from all entries received under the above, and of MasterCard® or independent judging organization. By entering the sweepstakes, each entrant agrees and agrees to be bound by these rules and the decision of the judges who will hear and rule on all appeals. All prizes will be awarded. Winners will be notified by mail and may be required to execute an affidavit of eligibility and release.  
4. Sweepstakes open to residents of the U.S.A. 21 years of age, except employees and their immediate families of The American Tobacco Company, its affiliates and subsidiaries, advertising agencies, production agencies and MasterCard. One prize per family or household. No substitution or transfer of prize. All applicable laws will govern the responsibility of the sponsor. Void where prohibited. (Award is subject to regulation of outside jurisdiction by law. Cash of winning player after the draw is subject to withdrawal tax even \$5. Prizes: One Grand Prize: Pontiac Firebird GT. Five Second Prizes: Honda Nigh-hawk S Motorcycle. Five Third Prizes: Honda Fourtrax 250 4-Wheeler.  
5. Total \$100,000 in prizes. And a stamped self-addressed envelope to LUCKY LIGHTS WINNERS, c/o MasterCard, PO Box 980, Sayreville, NJ 08847.  
EXPIRATION DATE: June 30, 1987

OFFICIAL ENTRY BLANK



# ANTIHERO

Our new column debuts with the venerable English writer  
Quentin Crisp (*The Naked Civil Servant*) defining the ultimate people's champion: the Antihero

"When I was young," said Clovis, "my mother taught me the difference between good and evil—only I've forgotten it."

"You've forgotten the difference between good and evil!" exclaimed the princess.

"Well, she taught me three ways of cooking lobster; you can't remember everything."

This may not be an exact quotation from the works of Saki, the English humorist who was killed during the First World War, but it is certainly a typical example of what was considered amusing dialogue in that distant era. Today no teenager would realize that a joke had been intended. To modern young people there are no such things as good and evil. As Miss Lebowitz has explained in a wonderful interview with *Vogue* magazine, no one has a sense of sin anymore because almost no action results in public disgrace. In a time gone by, a divorced woman, even if she had been the innocent party in her case, was shunned by almost everybody on her block. Nowadays all the neighbors are longing to discuss with her the most intimate details of her ruined marriage and, if these are scandalous enough, the world will become her block and she will undoubtedly be invited by Miss Rivers to appear on television. In the eyes of Americans, this is the highest award, short of an Oscar, that any human being can be given; it is the quarter of an hour of fame that Mr. Warhol is said to have promised to each of us.

Naturally, in this sunny climate of moral laxity, it did not take long for new words to blossom; one of these was "antihero." I first heard it in connection with novels. The reading of fiction is a middle-class hobby, so, in this context, a man need only have dirty fingernails to be labelled an antihero. Movies, however, are another matter. No one in his right mind would claim that movies mirror real life but, in their lust for degradation, they certainly come near it. In a film, the chief character must display serious blemishes if he or she is to become a star.

Miss Streep's most recent picture begins with her jumping into bed with Mr. Nicholson within hours of first seeing him on some benighted evening

*Chastity, honor, restraint are long gone. Self-doubt is in. Woody Allen has arrived.*



By Quentin Crisp

across a crowded room. Later in the story, when they are married and she discovers that he is being what used quaintly to be called "unfaithful" to her, she leaves him. In a happier age, the director of this film would have found some way of making it clear to the audience that the husband's behavior was the direct result of the heroine's immorality. Now no one would see the faintest connection. Miss Streep has no difficulty in persuading us to weep for her.

In *Outrageous Fortune*, Miss Midler goes even further. She plays the part of a woman who is the very embodiment of crassness, coarseness, and carnality. It is only because of sundry hilarious quirks of plot that she ultimately finds herself on the side of justice. She is the screen's perfect antiheroine—the lovable libertine.

An antihero is not a villain. It is not necessary—nay, the audience would be bewildered—if either of the two women mentioned above came to a bad end. They do not fit into the same category as, say, Miss Collins, who is the female counterpart of a famous extinct actor called Mr. von

Stroheim, whom his publicists used to describe as "the man you love to hate." Miss Collins goes on where Miss Davis leaves off (if she ever does leave off) and, for some unknown reason, her chief function has become to bring a hideous joy to the hearts of the gay men in her audience.

The only thing that an American girl can do that will bring public disgrace upon herself is to become fat. In Hollywood, the main topic of conversation among the women is what they don't eat.

Among men it is even more difficult to think of an attribute that would alienate an audience. A certain amount of brutishness is now considered a virtue. It is quite strange to recall that, in his entire career, Gary Cooper never uttered a single curse; never performed an ignoble act. We have traveled a long way since Mr. Cooper's heyday—all of it downhill.

Even the police, once revered as symbols of rectitude, can now be seen night after wicked night on television, slapping suspects around, intimidating witnesses, and fabricating evidence. The prototype for rough justice is

Mr. Bronson, who has become like a praying mantis, an insect which, I am told, kills everything that moves—even other mantises. Nevertheless, even he is an antihero rather than a villain. He always retains our interest, elicits our sympathy. One might almost say that he earns our respect.

I think that the quality that accounts for this phenomenon and which all antiheroes have in common is unshakable self-assurance. The outward and celluloid sign of this inward and spiritual grace has traditionally been size. Hollywood has always been at great pains to conceal smallness in any of its leading men; viz., Edward G. Robinson, or James Cagney, or the world-wide search that was undertaken to find a girl shorter than Alan Ladd. Ultimately his studio discovered a Miss Lake. She was by no means a great actress but she possessed the right dimensions; she was hardly visible to the naked eye and this qualified her for acting opposite Mr. Ladd in many of his later films. If he were living now, his co-star would be Dr. Westheimer.

Now we have become so permissive that not even bigness is necessary in leading men. It is as though the movie industry were playing a game with us. How much anticlimax will we accept? Chastity, honor, restraint are long gone, and even this last virtue of circumspection is fading fast. Self-doubt is in. Woody Allen has arrived.

In some ways Mr. Allen is less the ultimate antihero than the last descendant of a long line of clowns. He frequently reminds us of Charlie Chaplin or Buster Keaton. These great names were small of stature and were not handsome. They invited ridicule; their attempts to assert themselves went wrong; their efforts at courtship were rejected. And to this already formidable list of humiliations Mr. Chaplin added another great American sin: he was penniless; but, as he was a clown rather than an actor, the standards that governed his world were less rigid than those that apply to real people.

Mr. Allen has departed from this tradition. His acting is realistic. Unlike Mr. Lewis, when disaster strikes, he does not cross his eyes or sag at the knees—sure signs that the performer does not trust his material. Mr. Allen, who is sure of his dialogue

*Continued on page 95*



# TUNE IN FOR ALL THAT JAZZ!

The Jazz Show  
With David Sanborn  
Two hours of the best  
in contemporary jazz.  
Latest releases.  
Artist interviews.

Check local listings  
for radio station  
in your area.



THE **jazz** SHOW  
WITH DAVID SANBORN



NBC RADIO  
ENTERTAINMENT

America's Music Network

SP



Plus, with each paid subscription you'll get a totally gnarly SPIN T-shirt. Dig it!



**SPIN** 965 Broadway  
New York, NY  
0023-5965

Well, sounds like you need company. It's only \$24 for 2 issues. 20% saving off the newsstand price and worth it to know. It gets it. Plus, can cancel anytime and be refunded unexpired issues. Or get the full \$24 back - once after seeing the first issue. You guys are cocky.

☐ Check enclosed    ☐ Money order enclosed

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

Site Zip

\$30 Canadian in Canada, \$30 U.S. elsewhere per subscription. Allow six to eight weeks for delivery.

Credit card orders 800 247 5470



James Brown may be the Godfather of Soul, but Sonny Bono is the Troubadour of Tenderness. So what's not to love?

Article by Sukey Pett

## A HANKERING FOR SONNY

# BONO

**O**kay. Laugh at me. I had a hankering for Sonny Bono, to find out what he's been up to, to find out if they'd made Sonny dolls, the way they did Cher do.

Why? Because Sonny Bono is really cool and was responsible for writing some really great songs. "I Got You Babe," "Bang Bang (My Baby Shot Me Down)," "A Cowboy's Work is Never Done," and "My Best Friend's Girl Is Outasight" have withstood the test of time.

Because his monologue preceding "You'd Better Sit Down Kids" on *Live in Las Vegas (Vol. 2)* brings tears to my eyes. And I don't even have kids.

Because there's a little (or a lot) of Sonny Bono in each of us—the unabashed sentimentality that's kinda neat, kinda nice sometimes. Because Sonny tries. Because Sonny's a nice guy. Because James Brown is the Hardest Working Man in Show Business, the Godfather of Soul, Lou Reed is the Godfather of Punk, and that makes Sonny Bono the Troubadour of Tenderness. And that ain't such a bad thing to be.

Remember slow dancing at a ninth-grade graduation dance, the pin in your awkward wrist corsage uncomfortably digging into your wrist? Nowadays hearing "Cherish" sets your teeth on edge, but "I Got You Babe" still tugs at your heart. You remember the very first time you thought you were in love, and realize just how little you've learned about it.

Remember hearing, with a certain awe, about the first kid in your circle whose parents were splitting up, back before divorce was the norm? You remember wondering if that kid cried when he or she heard "You'd Better Sit Down Kids"? You remember wondering if it could happen to you, too.

When Sonny and Cher broke up, it touched everybody. It was the kind of thing where you felt a pang even though you didn't know them personally. If Sonny and Cher broke up, would you still be allowed to stay

up late on Sunday nights? When Sonny and Cher broke up, it was kinda like when Bambi's mother died. Even people's parents felt bad. An American Institution had died. The beat goes on, of course. But it was still sad.

Sonny, you gotta figure, has gotten a bit of a bad rap along the way. Though his second ex wife hasn't done badly for herself, sometimes it's almost a case of How Can I Miss You If You Won't Go Away (Babe).

"A lotta people are doing interviews with Cher," says Sonny, "and it's like, I just don't feel like doing Cher's interviews for her. She's doing very well and I'm glad. I think that like, the Sonny and Cher story, everybody got the fringe part of it. There's a lot of realness that didn't come out after we broke up. The only thing that aggravates me even now is that Cher still hammers on a lot of the negatives that are almost a minute part of what we were. It's so I just wish she wouldn't talk about me, period. I thought we were on friendly terms, but in the last interview I read out of *Vanity Fair* she said, 'I don't like him, I don't like what he's become.' What is that all about? I talked to her a couple of times but now she's kinda curt. I'd like to sit down with her and say, 'What's up?'"

Sonny's gotten married a whole lot. There was wife number one, prior to Cher, and after Cher, he married Susie Coelho and divorced her, and married Mary Whetzer in March of 1986. At their wedding, his best man, Denis Pregnotato, said, "Something like this comes along only four times in a lifetime." Sonny says, "This time I have the right intentions."

Sonny and Mary helped put out a fire at Suzanne Somers and Alan Hamel's house. Sonny's zodiac sign, Aquarius, has been found to be compatible with that of Baby Shamu, the killer whale. Sonny worked on a film called *Dirty Laundry* with Frankie Valli and Marmie Van Doren. Sonny wrote a poem about Scientology.

Sonny co-wrote "Needles and Pins," which is one

of the songs of all songs. "It was really nice having 'Needles and Pins' (Ramones) and 'I Got You Babe' (the Dictators) re-recorded. It kinda validates what you believed in. I think it's neat. I think my writing was, it's like nobody I knew wrote. Sonny and Cher overwhelmed the production part of our music. I don't think it ever got known that I was in the music business. My first job was as the A&R man at Specialty Records."

Sonny used to drive a truck for a meat company, back in 1957. He bought the Hollywood route so he could drive down Sunset Boulevard, past Imperial Records . . . Specialty Records . . . Dot Records. He'd write a song a week and deliver the meat and run into the record companies, sing 'em a song, and leave. He wrote the B-side of "Boney Maroney," "You Bug Me, Baby"; and the B-side of "Short Fat Fannie," "High School Dance." He produced Sam Cooke and Larry Williams and worked with Phil Spector. Sonny has been touched by legends. And they've touched him.

"The two hot labels were Specialty and Imperial (in 1957). I walked into Specialty and the owner of the record company, Art Rupe, is having a big fight with the producer and an artist. Rupe is saying, 'This is the louisiest record I ever heard in my life.' The producer's going, 'No, this is what's gonna happen.' The artist is saying, 'This is really gonna happen.' Rupe returns the master and keeps the advance, 'and furthermore,' he told the producer, 'you're fired.' He pointed to me and said, 'You wanna job?' I said 'Sure.'"

The producer was Bumps Blackwell, the artist he kicked off the label was Sam Cooke, and the song was "You Send Me."

What the world needs now is a new Sonny Bono tune. A new Sonny Bono album. It's time to update our record collections. I mean, paisley and palazzo pants (for Chrissakes) and Cleopatra bangs and peace-sign jewelry and long hair on guys (and, probably soon,





## THE SAVAGE 650

# Beauty and the beach.

By 5:05 Matt had finished work.

By 5:20 he was at the dealership picking up the keys. He rolled his new Savage onto the street. He swung a leg over and settled in behind the teardrop tank.

Matt pushed the electric start and the single cylinder, four stroke engine rumbled awake. Here was power in his hands. And the beat of a crisp, throaty exhaust note.

He had two bikes before this one but this was his first new motor-

cycle. And the great thing about it was it hadn't cost him his life savings.

First stop was Donna's place. Matt accelerated up the street, the hard pulling torque pushing him to the back of the seat.

Donna was waiting on the porch when he pulled up. Matt sat perfectly balanced, barely 26 inches from the ground. Donna climbed on board. He gave the throttle a twist and off they shot into the twilight,

headed for the beach,

where friends get together talking about anything and everything. Tonight it was who might get a ride on Matt's new Savage.

He and Donna got off the bike and Matt couldn't help but like what he saw: his Savage 650 loaded with chrome. Chrome spokes, headlight and fender rails. Chrome battery cover, shocks, and mirrors. He smiled. The ocean sand and his Savage looked great together.

Beauty and the beach.

*I can't believe I got all this bike for just \$2299.\**

*She's all yours.*

*I'm all yours.*



## SUZUKI



## Right on, Suzuki

For your nearest Suzuki motorcycle and ATV dealer call:

1-800-255-2550

\*Suggested retail price. Dealer's actual price may vary. Price does not include dealer prep, freight, taxes, license and title fees. Play it safe. Ride with care. Always wear a helmet, eye protection, and appropriate riding apparel. Never drink and ride. Read your owner's manual carefully. Call the Motorcycle Safety Foundation at 1-800-447-4700 for a riding course near you.



*Friends are worth Smirnoff*

Crisp, clear, incomparably smooth Smirnoff® vodka.



When ordering vodka, call for the best—Smirnoff. SMIRNOFF® VODKA 50 & 100 Proof distilled from grain. © 1986 Sls, Pierre Smirnoff FLS (Division of Heublein, Inc.) Hartford, CT—Made in U.S.A.



**"It was really nice having 'Needles and Pins' and 'I Got You, Babe' re-recorded. It kinda validates what you believed in."**

guitar solos) are all back. Nobody on St. Marks Place (or anywhere else) knows what the fuck year it is anyway, so why the hell not Sonny, too?

There are all sorts of possibilities. Maybe Sonny could do a rap version of "My Best Friend's Girl Is Outasight." Maybe he could scratch it with "All I Ever Need Is You," "My Best Friend's Girl" (the Cars), and "Girls" (Beastie Boys)

Sonny and Cher were the original Punk Couple when Sid 'n' Nancy were still teething. Sonny and Cher got thrown out of restaurants all the time. And now Sonny owns one: Bono, in Palm Springs.

The food at Bono is, natch, Italian. Sicilian. Many of the recipes are Bono family heirlooms. "Sonny's Dad's Favorite"—meat sauce with beef ribs and Italian sausage on rigatoni. Mmm. Sonny is firm when he stresses that it's not California nouvelle, "but real hearty peasant food."

Sonny had a hankering of his own. Driving down Melrose after finishing a day's work in *Airplane II*, Sonny had nothing to do. (And one of the great things about Sonny is that if he had nothing to do, he'll say so, instead of trying to convince you that he was booked through the next millennium.) "There was a little hot dog stand on a corner and that particular stand always reminded me of a little European corner. I was walking around this peninsula of property and the realtor was there. He was talking to a lady about renting the restaurant, so then I said, 'What is she gonna do with this?' And he told me some concept and I said, 'that's all wrong for this corner.' I was in it from that day on. Didja ever see something you wanna buy and you're hooked? It was one of those things, like seeing a piano or a car . . . all of a sudden, you go, 'I need this, it's right for me.'"

Bono is in its third generation. The first was the L.A. corner, the second, in Houston. They've been sold and Sonny, and Bono, have moved to Palm Springs.

Bono has gotten some good reviews. Sonny has read up on varieties of basil and sun-dried his own tomatoes. He even sat on the dais at the Golden Fork Awards. Sonny Bono was the New Man before there was a new man.

Sonny, of course, has been in films. He was the Mad Bomber in *Airplane II* and a "swinger" in *Troll*. The *Washington Post's* terse comment on the latter, was, "Sonny, be embarrassed."

"I still act," Sonny says, "but that hasn't come easy for me. Once Sonny and Cher broke up, going into a whole new field was real rough. It was like, I'd sit around and see if I could get a phone call for a job here or there. I wasn't used to that. It was a real big departure from Sonny and Cher."

Now, when Cher decided to get into films, people snickered. But she kept at it, and has an Oscar nomination and work with Robert Altman and Mike Nichols on her résumé. She even got to announce an Academy Award. So just remember, you laughed at the idea of Cher making a career switch, and now you're probably talking about how fucking cool she is. So laugh at me. But Sonny's gonna have the last laugh.

"They did make Sonny dolls, too, I think," he laughs. "They're really rare now, believe it or not." Sonny and Cher dolls were sold both as a boxed set and separately, incidentally.

You can Cher and Cher alike. But I'm going to stay on the Sonny side of the street.

# **'THIS IS THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA... THE HOLY WORD OF ALMIGHTY GOD!'**

JIMMY SWAGGART



## **WE DISAGREE.**

BE INFORMED. Join The Freedom Writer organization and receive America's only monthly newsletter that defends the separation of church and state. Send \$10 annual membership to

**THE FREEDOM WRITER, P.O. BOX 589, GREAT BARRINGTON, MA 01230**

Your contribution is tax-deductible. The Freedom Writer is a project of Simon, Porteous & Associates, Inc.

# WITH ENEMIES LIKE THESE, WE NEED FRIENDS

Censorship is like the weather—everyone talks about it, but no one does anything about it.

Which is precisely what makes the fundamentalist attack on rock 'n' roll so dangerous. They're counting on no one doing anything about it.

To raise the hundreds of millions of dollars the TV pitchmen like Swaggart, Falwell, and Robertson do, they need causes. And rock 'n' roll is the perfect target.

There are some very serious problems in America today, but there is no evidence that rock causes any of them. Rock may mirror the torments of society, but it doesn't create them. Rock is not inspired by the Devil, nor condemned by God, just the charlatans who use God as an unlicensed and unlimited endorsement of what is fast becoming a billion-dollar industry.

We formed MUSIC IN ACTION to stand up to this insidious enemy that wants to change the world till it suits them. Join us by simply refusing to shop at stores that censor what you can read or listen to. There are plenty more stores that let you think for yourself. And write to your congressmen and senators and demand they tell you where they stand on rock censorship. This is their election year—don't let them sit on a fence that may be dividing your personal freedoms.

Let them know you care. Or write to us, and we'll send it on.

All it will cost you is a stamp.

What will not protesting cost us?

---

## MUSIC IN ACTION

---

155 E. 55th St., Suite 6-H, New York, NY 10022





To look at Robbie Nevil looking back at you with deep-set, suspicious eyes from the cover of his self-titled debut LP, loosely curling hair tumbled thoughtlessly about the handsome, anguished face of a Central Casting consumptive poet, one might easily imagine that here is yet another prodigal Bard of the Streets, the pockets of whose battered bomber jacket are slotted with madly scribbled, firsthand odes to crazy alcoholic nights, haunted young women leaving softly before dawn, and colorful old friends (picturesquely nicknamed) who wind up dead-not-even dying in smelly alleyways. One might well imagine it, and a listen to Nevil's international runaway smasheroomie, "C'est La Vie," a slightly discordant, funky ode to fatalism, might not necessarily dissuade one. Nor would a peek at the video which seems to have been cut whole cloth from French Vogue—the "Existentialwear" edition—even though, or perhaps because, it's set in an oil field.

But it isn't like that at all. Because once you've auditioned the rest of the platter (produced by Alex Sadkin, whose previous credits include Duran Duran, Arcadia, Foreigner, and the Thompson Twins, with co-production by Phil Thornalley, ex-Cure), and once his publicist has ticked off the sometime-hit tunes Robbie's penned for the likes of El DeBarge, the Pointer Sisters, Sheena Easton, Vanity, and Al Jarreau, and once you've talked to Robbie himself and found him just as regular and friendly as can be, you are forced to remind yourself that you can't judge a book by an album cover. You come to see that what we have here is no limply affected urban urchin, no wandering wastrel, no boho troubadour, but a sincere, straightforward professional, a dedicated craftsman who was working hard and doing all right in this

business long before you ever heard of him. You see that he's someone who wants nothing more nor less than for you and you and you to have a good time listening, dancing, and otherwise getting it on with his music, which is a lush and rhythmic conjoining of mainstream pop, rock, and R&B typically catchy and occasionally surprising in its force of statement. He likes to write songs, he likes to play his guitar, he likes to sing. He's having a good time; he's got no sad tales to tell. The only alley you might reasonably expect to find him sneaking down is the one called Tin Pan. And he doesn't have to sneak.

It isn't the most sensational story in the world, but it's true-to-life and as old as show business. "Luck and Puck"—not exactly the stuff of Arthur Rimbaud, but Horatio Alger doubtless would have understood.

"I was born in Los Angeles, I'm 25 years old. I grew up in an area called Cheviot Hills, and now I'm living in North Hollywood.

"My father was a child actor. He was Dick Tracy's son on the old radio show. My mother was a classical pianist, but, you know, you have to study three, four hours a day, and it got to the point where it was either her music or her life, and she decided to get on with her life. For what I do, I don't really have to practice. In my case, music is a hobby as well as a profession. I don't consider myself any kind of pop star, that's for sure.

"I used to listen to the radio a lot when I was a kid. I still do. I'm like a radio nut. I used to listen to a lot of old Motown. I'll put on Stevie Wonder, and I just can't help myself—I feel like singing! He's my favorite singer/songwriter.

"I picked up guitar when I was about 12 years old, but I picked up air guitar when I was 10, jamming in the living room, pretending I'm a rock star. It kind

Not a Neville Brother, not a dissolute poet, Robbie Nevil's not a bad guy.

# CALL OF THE MILD

Article by Robert Lloyd

of still feels like that when you go up on stage—it's almost kind of like a big living room.

"I thought Jimi Hendrix was just brilliant, he was a guitar hero of mine. And I used to think that guy in Chicago was a great guitarist, as well. And I loved the Beatles—God, every time I'm asked about this kind of stuff, I think there's somebody I'm going to leave out—and at a certain point, Santana. And then I went through my rock 'n' roll phase when I thought Led Zeppelin was the greatest, and then into my jazz fusion thing, where I was listening to Chick Corea and Pat Martino and Joe Pass and Allen Holdsworth. Anytime I want to get humble about what I do, I just put on a good jazz record, like something by Charlie Parker, and realize how little I really know and how much there is to know. Even the great jazzers will tell you they've just scratched the surface. I went to jazz school for a year after high school.

"I don't think I ever worried about what was trendy to like or not like. I like music that feels good. I like music you can tap your feet to. I love everything from Whitney Houston to the Bangles to the Housemartins. I think Bon Jovi is great. I think Sammy Hagar is a brilliant rock 'n' roller. I'm a rock 'n' roller. I used to do a lot of rock 'n' roll guitar sessions, and my roots are in rock 'n' roll. I guess it's sort of a mishmash. I know that vocally, I lean toward soul. Even if I sing a rock song, it ends up sounding more like soul.

"In England, where video exposure is really limited, a lot of people initially thought I was black. It's just the timbre of my voice. I'm not one of the Neville Brothers, contrary to popular opinion! But I never consciously tried to emulate anybody. I think it's just that when I was young and sang along with the radio, soul songs were the songs that were easiest for me to sing with.

"In high school, I had a couple of original bands

We used to do high-energy fusion. I think it was my teenage angst getting away from me. It was real intense music, everybody playing together, you know, da-da-da, *diddle-iddle-iddle*. When I listen to that now, I can't believe that's what I was into!

"I used to make tapes of my fusion music. I took a tape over to ABC Music, which has since been absorbed by MCA Music, and I met a gentleman over there named Rick Shoemaker. He heard the tape, which was fusion and bizarre. He said 'I hear something there. Let me teach you how to write pop.' So he taught me song structure, how to write verse, verse, chorus, verse, verse, chorus. And I started writing pop, and bringing him songs every other week and playing them on his out-of-tune piano. I think at this point my pop was a little more contrived.

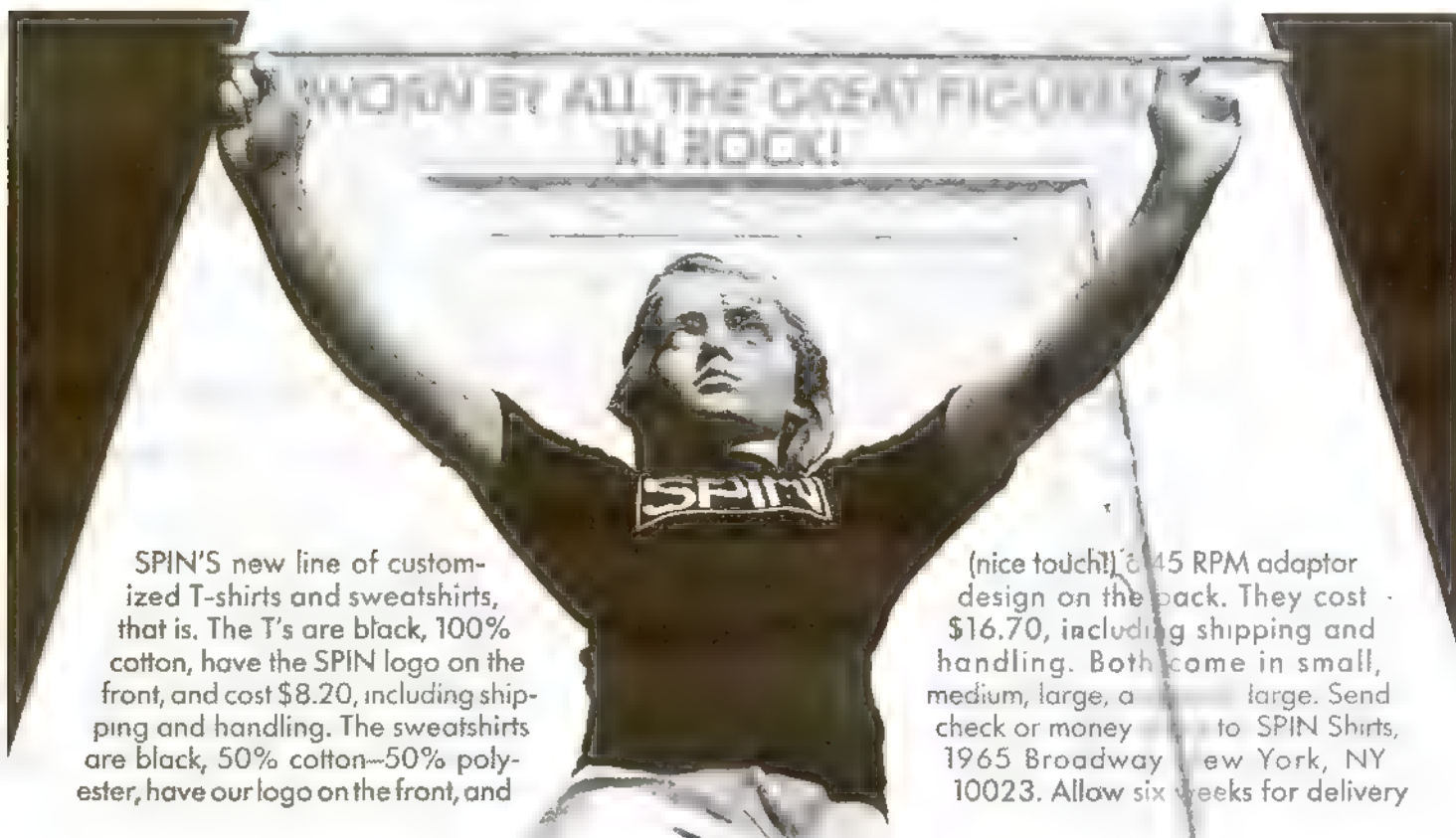
"Rick became the vice-president of MCA Music, and I signed with them as a songwriter about three years ago. I was trying to get a record deal in the meantime, but that wasn't coming together, and I began to get hits with other bands who had cut my stuff. Richard Perry became interested in my writing. It wasn't what I'd been looking for initially, but I wouldn't look a gift horse in the mouth. And I enjoy hearing talented people perform my music. I've been lucky. I've worked with Sheena Easton, Al Jarreau, Jimmy Iovine and I just finished producing a track for Alison Moyet that she and I wrote for her new album. I may be doing some writing with Stevie Nicks. I've worked with the Pointer Sisters. I did the song 'Just a Little Closer' for them, which they put on *U.S.A. for Africa*. I was in the studio when they were working on it, and they heard my demo and said, 'Is that you singing? Ooooooh! You should have an album of your own!'

"I sent a demo tape over to Capitol for artists on their roster. Bobby Colomby heard it and asked me if I wanted to have a deal of my own. I said, 'Of

course! It's what I've always wanted!' Bobby introduced me to Bruce Lundvall the next day, and Bruce told me, 'I heard your tape. I love it. I'd like you to be the first artist on my new record label,' which became Manhattan Records. I looked over at Bobby like, 'Is Allan Funt going to come walking in? Is this some sort of terrible joke?' It just seemed too easy.

"'C'est La Vie' has been an incredible door opener. When we did the record, my manager and record company said, 'Oh, man, it's going to be a big hit,' but I tried to keep my perspective. I've written a lot of songs for other artists and I've seen a lot of things I thought would take off, not take off, and a lot of things I didn't think would take off become huge hits. The fact that the song has been doing well worldwide is just unbelievable; it's more than anybody really anticipated at this point. I'm in Denmark! The opportunity to do this is exceptional. I'm really excited, I feel really optimistic. I feel like a magician who's got a few tricks up his sleeve. I don't think many people know from this album that I'm a guitarist. On the next album, you're going to hear a lot more guitar. 'C'est La Vie' has established me, and now I can get into some real fun stuff.

"If 'C'est La Vie' hadn't been a success, I'd still be doing this, but that it has is just all the better. I'm really having fun with it, and I'm laying the groundwork for what I hope will be a career. I hope I have a chance to stick around, like Stevie Wonder or Stevie Wonder. When I think of them, I don't think of a specific song. I think of them as artists. And my goal and my hope is that I have a chance to have more than one single, and to do another album, and to make a statement as an artist. I'm excited that your magazine wanted to do something with me and I hope that you'll still be interested in talking to me next year."



WORN BY ALL THE GREAT FIGURES IN ROCK!

SPIN'S new line of customized T-shirts and sweatshirts, that is. The T's are black, 100% cotton, have the SPIN logo on the front, and cost \$8.20, including shipping and handling. The sweatshirts are black, 50% cotton—50% polyester, have our logo on the front, and

(nice touch!) a 45 RPM adaptor design on the back. They cost \$16.70, including shipping and handling. Both come in small, medium, large, and extra large. Send check or money order to SPIN Shirts, 1965 Broadway, New York, NY 10023. Allow six weeks for delivery.



# CHECK YOUR LOCAL RADIO LISTINGS

This may come as a bit of a shock, but the best place to find the most exciting weekly programs, concerts and big events on network radio is in your local newspaper! And the best network radio programming week-in and week-out comes to you on more than 5000 great radio stations via the Westwood One Radio Networks. Music and interview programs like *Off The Record with Mary Turner*. Live call-in shows like *Line One*. The hottest recorded concerts on the *Superstar Concert Series* and *In Concert*. Tomorrow's hits today on *Future Hits*. And today's hits from #30 to #1 on *Scott Shannon's Rockin' America Top 30 Countdown*. So turn to the Radio Section of your local newspaper and tune to the best in network radio—on the Westwood One Radio Networks.

**Los Angeles Times**  
**RADIO LOG**  
 LINE ONE KMET-FM (94.7)  
 SUPERSTAR CONCERT KLOS-FM (95.5)  
 OFF THE RECORD W/ MARY TURNER KLOS-FM (95.5)  
 IN CONCERT KLOS-FM (95.5)

**Chicago Tribune**  
**RADIO HIGHLIGHTS**  
 SUPERSTAR CONCERT WHP-FM (770)  
 ROCKIN' AMERICA WLS-TV (33)  
 OFF THE RECORD W/ MARY TURNER WHP-FM (770)  
 IN CONCERT WHP-FM (770)

**San Francisco Chronicle**  
**RADIO LOG**  
 SUPERSTAR CONCERT KROR-FM (97.3)  
 FUTURE HITS KREL-FM (106.1)  
 OFF THE RECORD W/ MARY TURNER KSLD-FM (92.3)  
 IN CONCERT KROR-FM (97.3)

**The New York Times**  
**RADIO HIGHLIGHTS**  
 LINE ONE WNEW-FM (102.7)  
 OFF THE RECORD W/ MARY TURNER WNEW-FM (102.7)  
 IN CONCERT WNEW-FM (102.7)  
 SUPERSTAR CONCERT WHTZ-FM (100.3)  
 FUTURE HITS WHTZ-FM (100.3)  
 SCOTT SHANNON'S ROCKIN' AMERICA TOP 30 COUNTDOWN WHTZ-FM (100.3)

**The Washington Post**  
**RADIO HIGHLIGHTS**  
 OFF THE RECORD W/ MARY TURNER WRQX-FM (107.3)  
 SUPERSTAR CONCERT WWDC-FM (101)  
 IN CONCERT WQZB-FM (94.1)  
 FUTURE HITS WAVA-FM (105.1)  
 SCOTT SHANNON'S ROCKIN' AMERICA TOP 30 COUNTDOWN WBMW-FM (106.7) LOS ANGELES

- ☒ LINE ONE
- ☒ IN CONCERT
- ☒ FUTURE HITS
- ☒ SUPERSTAR CONCERT SERIES
- ☒ OFF THE RECORD WITH MARY TURNER
- ☒ SCOTT SHANNON'S ROCKIN' AMERICA TOP 30 COUNTDOWN



**WESTWOOD ONE RADIO NETWORKS**

©1985 R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.

LIGHTS 10 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, KING 17 mg. "tar",  
1.3 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette by FTC method.



*You've got what it takes.*  
**Salem Spirit**

*Share the spirit.  
Share the refreshment.*

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette  
Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.







# BRAIN DEF

Guided by blind faith in the powers of Jah and punk, the Bad Brains fuse Led Zeppelin with the sound of the projects.

Article by Chuck Eddy

When James Earl Ray murdered Martin Luther King, Darryl Jenifer was watching television in the cinderblock government-issue project he shared with his mom in the Washington ghetto northeast of Capitol Hill; he was eight years old, and what bothered him most was that his cartoons were cut short. Within days, riots brought National Guardsmen to the streets and soldiers to the roof of the Sears building.

Chocolate City's low-income developments have since been given facelifts, but they're still projects. "I've been chased down the street with white kids throwing rocks at me and yelling 'nigger,'" Darryl recalls. "Then I'd go ride my bike and some nigger try to push me off because they want it. That shit happens all the time. I was just smart enough to see that it happens all the way around the board."

Most of the folks Darryl grew up with in D.C. still live in the slums. Darryl and the other three members of his band, the Bad Brains, got out. But

they haven't forgotten, and it shows. "We played in Boston on Martin Luther King's birthday, and [singer H.R.] dedicated this one song, 'F.V.K.,' to Dr. King," Darryl says. "I tore into that song so hard my bass almost broke in half, because I wanted to be a warrior for him, in respect for him and what he meant. We all fucking shredded that song." Calling the Bad Brains this decade's greatest all-black hard rock band doesn't re-ghettoize them, unlike, say, the Bus Boys (who sang, "I bet you never heard music like this by spades") who're stealing ska and Chuck Berry riffs; the Bad Brains' skin tones are no circus gimmick. Their waterworn ties into the environment that produced them, which in turn owes everything to their race.

Most punk rock, and white rock in general, is static; these guys swing. Most white rockers weren't raised on Larry Graham and Bootsy Collins. And where most hardcore is spoiled brats bitching for the sake of bitching, the Bad Brains know ugliness firsthand. "I remember National Guardsmen, State Troopers with machine guns, stores burnt out," Darryl recalls. "A lot of the things that we saw our people falling for made us mad at the kind of illusions society was trying to create." Though their mature (like a punch in the face) new *I Against I* album suggests they've swapped their pure rage for more constructive methods of revolt, you can rest assured that the Bad Brains have earned their anger.

H.R. and Earl Hudson of D.C.'s Bad Brains

**"When we'd draw the speedmetal headbangers," says Darryl Jenifer, "the reggae would really mess with them. The heavy metal crowd comes with a racist trip."**

Anger is why the members of a jazz-rock act called Mindpower had their lives changed by the Sex Pistols' singles Sid McRae brought over to his friend Darryl's house in 1977. "We were mixing up a lot of things," Darryl remembers. Guitarist Gary Miller (nicknamed "Dr. Know" since "he always be knowing everything," Darryl jokes) had grown up swiping Kool and the Gang rifts and spitting 'em back out in a funk band on a Potomac River amusement park ferry, drummer Earl Hudson was into the Beatles; his brother H.R. liked reggae. And Darryl, whose dad had introduced him to Miles early on, listened to Led Zep and Angel and Budgie and Sabbath, "doomsday music." But the Pistols were something new: "We dug what was happening in punk rock," Darryl explains. "We liked the militancy. It said, 'If you've got something you have to say, say it.'" Mindpower transformed itself into the Bad Brains, and the revolution began.

**M**ore musicianly than most of their punk brethren, the Brains produced furious shocks of physical sound that incorporated R&B, metal, and roots reggae. The band grew dreads and adopted Rastafarian beliefs. "It's just a way of life we choose to recognize," says Darryl. "I was brought up Catholic, but this was a white man's religion, and that's not my heritage. We come together before a show and ask for the strength and energy to do what we gotta do." Early on, they didn't eat meat or drink; fronted by former pole vaulter H.R., they dove across the stage like pogos without sticks on orange juice alone, and helped inspire D.C.'s refreshing if obstinate straight edge scene (paradoxically, Boston straight-edges SSDecontrol once drew the line on the Brains smoking pot in their van). Not long after a 1979 Lincoln Park gig at which an H.R.-led crowd shouted down lawmen who wanted to pull the band's plug, the Bad Brains found themselves—as they chronicled in song, "Banned in D.C." Says Darryl: "We didn't do Led Zeppelin covers, and nobody would take a chance on us." So they moved north.

In New York, the foursome once again set hardcore's subcultural wheels in motion, prophesying the speedmetal crossover to come by covering Sabbath's "Paranoid," and motivating among others three little kids who now call themselves the Beastie Boys. The band formed Bad Brains Records in 1980, and released "Pay to Cum," a fat, frenzied chunk of speed and wordplay that began "I make decisions with precision/Lost inside this manned collision." "We cut out the sleeves ourselves, did the distribution, everything," Darryl remembers.

*Brain drain: Dr. Know on guitar, Earl Hudson on drums, and H.R. on air vocals.*



Peter Anderson

"We had that Positive Mental Attitude."

"Positive Mental Attitude" is one of those cosmic catchphrases that keep popping up when you talk to the Bad Brains. "Basically, our band is about the brotherhood, about the unity, about the love," Darryl tells me. "We're trying to project some vibration." This can sound spacy, airheaded even, at first. But Darryl puts it in context, talking about shaking hands with some National Front junior fascists in England, about stubbing the Doc Martens of a glaring San Fran skinhead: "He looked like he was in the military, and he was trying to shove me away. Then he said, 'You're cool. I know H.R. If you weren't, I would have decked you.'" I ask Darryl why incidents like that don't convince him that people are assholes. He answers, "Whatever negative vibes I get from somebody, the first thing that I see is somebody fronting. You have to be a certain age to really be racist—I can't talk for people born before 1960, but I know that I can get along with anyone within our generation."

The Bad Brains put out a furious cassette-only album in 1982. The less incredible vinyl to lowup, *Rock for Light*, produced by Cars singer Ric Ocasek appeared a year later. *Rock for Light* went too heavily on skank, which never dug into a crucial enough pocket (strangely, the band's punk has always been more rhythmic).

Following a 1983 European tour on which necessity forced them to play chocolate factories and World War II bomb shelters, the band parted ways. Darryl and Dr. Know played reggae with Ras Michael's son and rock with the Cro-Mags' drummer; H.R. sang for a reggae group called Liontrain and released a forgettable solo album called *It's About Luv*. After a year, Darryl recalls, "we missed each other, so we all just came back around again." They played a few shows in the east, a few in the west. Martin Scorsese picked up "Pay to Cum" for the *After Hours* soundtrack. And they wrote and recorded *I Against I*, by far their most accessible, most daring, most diverse, and most accomplished album.

*I Against I* sounds like a rock record, not a hardcore record. There's almost no pure reggae, but bombast in profusion, the superhuman brand of jerk switching slime Metallica and Slayer expectorate.

There's a love song, which H.R. wrote while in jail for a D.C. ganja bust; the band recorded his vocal part over the phone from his cell. "It's our meltdown," Darryl says. "Yeah, it's a heavy metal trip—I had that in my head; the new album goes back to our adolescent years. The old fans, they probably bug out on it a little bit." Produced by CHR vet Ron St. Germain (Jagger/Whitney/Foreigner), *I Against I* is getting unexpected college/alternative radio attention. "It's high-velocity," Darryl says, "but it doesn't have the lunacy of the older stuff—you gotta be a real special person to like that stuff. Everybody could like the new one. Sometimes we'll run into a bike messenger or somebody, and he'll say, 'look, this is what I work with,' and our tape will be on his Walkman." And more black people have been attending Bad Brains concerts lately. As for the metal troops, not yet: "I think they kinda steer from it. When we'd draw the speedmetal headbangers, stuff like [the reggaefied] 'Secret 77,' that'd really mess with them. The heavy metal crowd comes with a racist trip."

The Bad Brains have watched three generations of fans come and go; at 26 to 30 years of age, they're now at least a decade older than most of their audience. But they're certain they've helped people grow. "If the youths—I don't like to call them kids—don't get hung up with the fashion thing, the big boots and haircuts, they'll get something out of this," Darryl says. "We want to leave the impression that when they move on—and they will move on, everybody does—they'll leave with some kind of strength. I was one of those same kids once. But I ain't fuckin' 15 now—I want someone 15 to look at me and see me as a good thing to aspire to. The only way I can explain it is love."

The group will release a live album on SST sometime this spring, and a fourth studio LP is in the works. The Bad Brains, according to Darryl, will be around for a long time. "If I need to, I'll do odds and ends, and so will the rest of the band—Gary, he's a painter. But this is our lives, so we don't take jobs. I survive off my drive. I expect to be making some kind of music until I die—don't know how it'll sound, but it'll have the same attitude, same spirit, same vibes. I don't know anything else." Lucky for us.



# GREAT RESPONSE AT EVERY LEVEL



© BMI 1987

# BMI

The Songwriter's Instrument for Music Licensing



## MAXELL. THE TAPE THAT LASTS AS LONG AS THE LEGEND.

He was a homegrown, full-blown rocker from Lubbock, Texas. A teen idol for two years and a rock and roll legend for three generations. At Maxell, we help you preserve his music, with tapes manufactured 60% higher than industry standards call for. Tapes that will continue to deliver the same magnificent sound even after 500 plays. So in the years to come, you'll still be able to rock on, sighing your sighs, and dreaming your dreams, **maxell** listening to the music of the late great rockabilly legend, Buddy Holly.


© 1994 Maxell Corporation of America. All Rights Reserved. Maxell, the Maxell logo, and the Maxell 'M' logo are registered trademarks of Maxell Corporation. Maxell is a registered trademark of Maxell Corporation. Maxell is a registered trademark of Maxell Corporation.



Three letters—or, actually, what they represent—could be the cause of one of the music industry's biggest controversies of the '80s.

Battle lines are being drawn in Washington's legislative halls, and emotional salvos are being exchanged between the record companies and major consumer electronics manufacturers over Digital Audio Tape, DAT. Who will be the eventual victims? You and I, the consumers, naturally.

Digital Audio Tape, or DAT, is very likely the last step in the evolution of tape. It has many of the advantages of CDs. Music recorded digitally is absolutely noise-free.

Digital technology solved the problem of tape wear, and the tendency of analog cassette tape to pick up hiss and motor noise, by using two laser beams to read and convert a signal on the disc to music. Digital Audio Tape is not read by laser beams but is actually a miniaturized video recorder built for audio use only. A tiny high-speed rotary head records musical information digitally on the tape. When it is played back, this information is converted to a regular musical signal, free of noise and other problems such as the wow and flutter caused by fluctuations in the motor during recording.

To correct the problem of wear caused by the tape traveling across the tape head (tapes will suffer wear no matter how well you take care of them), an error correction system four times as accurate as that in CDs is incorporated into the DAT circuitry. Error correction is a sophisticated technology which solves most minor problems caused by scratches or other imperfections. The music signal is electronically sampled before and after the imperfection, and the missing signals are filled in. This produces noise-free tapes that sound as great as CD's, and will sound great far longer than standard cassette tapes.

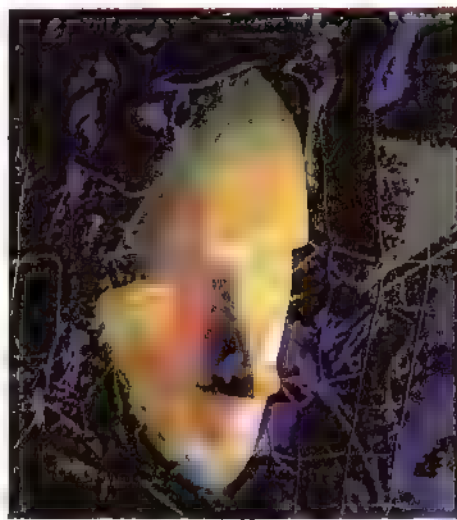
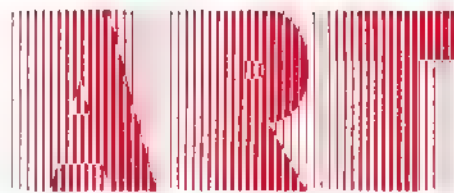
Why do we need DAT with CDs around? The real advantage tape has offered over the last ten years is that it has allowed us to take our music with us. It is the ideal portable format. Even though CD is far smaller than vinyl LPs, it still isn't well suited for portable use. The players have gotten about as small as they can be made. DAT players can be made smaller yet, which makes them easier to install in a car, and soon manufacturers may achieve a size close to that of the Walkman-type tape players. Additionally, CD has other unsolved technological problems that DAT does not, such as temperature and vibration sensitivity. And the compact disc, while far more resilient than an LP, can be scratched. Even too many fingerprints on its surface can cause poor playback.

DAT is about 50 percent smaller than the standard cassette, and supplies up to two hours recording time. It's easy to carry and use wherever you are. Also, because it is actually like a micro-version of a video tape, the tape does not have to be flipped over. This means two hours of uninterrupted music with virtually the same sound quality as CD.

The two formats can coexist the same as hard-bound books and paperbacks.

The major record labels, which claim they have lost millions of dollars in revenues over the last ten years due to home taping, are demanding that an anti-copying system be installed on CDs and prerecorded DAT to make home taping impossible. They argue that with the advent of digital tape recording, every home could become a digital mastering studio and that CD could die a quick death. Spokesmen for the RIAA [Recording Industry Associ-

## STATE OF THE



On the eve of the arrival of Digital Audio Tape, a major fight is brewing between the record companies and the consumer-electronics manufacturers.

ation of America] claim that the CD market is still in its infancy and another format will create great confusion.

In two "open letters to Japan," Stanley Gorticoif, the retiring president of the RIAA, has created a real U S versus Japan, good guys-bad guys scenario. And the major Japanese consumer-electronics manufacturers are not entirely fault-free in all of this. For the last six months conflict has reigned over this issue. There are many holes in each side's arguments.

The record industry has presented market research supporting its claims that most people tape in order to avoid buying the recording. But research conducted a few years earlier by a major blank-tape manufacturer claimed that the major use of blank tape is to make custom collections of previously purchased recordings. Even hard sales figures are inconclusive about who is hurt by home taping.

At a recent International Tape and Disc Association conference in New York, a spokesman for CBS Records acknowledged the CD explosion, but also said that cassette sales were incredibly strong. "Tape will live right along with CD," he said. "Consumers are buying CD titles to keep long term, while tape is more a throw-away configuration."

So why doesn't this apply to DAT? Because interest in portable CD does not appear to be strong. In 1986, the Electronics Industry Association estimates that three million CD players for home use were sold, but only an estimated 200,000 portable and car stereo CD units were sold.

So DAT is terrific, but could it possibly kill CD as the recording industry fears? No. There are some great developments coming in CD that will keep it the leading home format. In addition to CD's archival advantage over DAT, Compact Disc Video, Interactive CD, and CD's use as a storage medium for personal computers are all on the immediate horizon. DAT was designed for none of these alternative uses.

Clearly, one of the dangers of Digital Audio Tape is commercial piracy. While many of us might feel we have a right to tape what we want for our own use, I don't think anyone supports the underground pirates who rip off artists' materials for their own gain. Bootleg tapes could be a real problem.

The standards committee that created the DAT format has recommended different sampling frequencies for DAT than for CD. This means that you wouldn't be able to make a direct digital recording from a compact disc. The digital signal would have to be converted from digital to analog signals and then recorded again in digital. A tape made from a CD wouldn't be quite as good as the CD itself, though few of us could hear the difference. And mass-digital duplication would be impossible.

There has been no official announcement whether the standards committee's recommendation has been accepted by all DAT manufacturers. Additionally, there is some concern that it won't be enough of a deterrent even if embraced by equipment manufacturers. But as we've learned from the computer industry, electronic security can always be breached.

With DAT only a few months away from appearing in stores, there's a great lack of communication between the record companies and makers of the equipment. And here the Japanese manufacturers have stubbed their toes. One of the great advantages for recording companies is that for the first time the prerecorded digital tape will sound as good as anything that can be made in the home. With the cassettes we have today, with very few exceptions, you can make a better recording at home than you can purchase prerecorded. With digital recording, however, this is not true, no matter how state-of-the-art your recorder is. Digital is digital, no noise, no unwanted sound.

So you would think that electronics manufacturers desiring to introduce DAT in the market would want prerecorded software available. Common sense, right? Currently, there is no high speed duplication equipment available for record company use (even if they wanted DAT). Prototypes have been shown but will not be available until late 1987, at the earliest.

Great music causes us to buy HiFi products. Great HiFi products cause renewed excitement in music. DAT is being used to dismantle this synergy.

# CYBERPUNKS

From Tom Sawyer to Tom Swift to Thomas Pynchon, the Cyberpunk has always been an All-American troublemaker. The birth of a new world of science fiction.

**T**he opening moments of the movie *War games* provide a classic example of Cyberpunk warning. It is a foggy night. A jeep carries a captain and a lieutenant up a winding Colorado mountain road to secret nuclear-missile launching silos. The captain tells the lieutenant that he and his wife planted a cultivated grade of marijuana seeds in their garden, and, to ensure their growth, invoked the Tibetan Buddhist prayer for enlightenment:

*Om mane padma hum.*

The officers reach the entry checkpoint, identify themselves, and are issued pistols. A huge steel vault door opens, and they enter the control room from which the bombs are fired. While they check dials, the captain continues his story: the cannabis harvest was very successful. Suddenly, the lieutenant interrupts. On the control board a red light continuously flashing.

"Tap it with your finger," says the captain. The light disappears. Get it? The captain is alert and can de-bug errors in the system. But an alarm blares. The two officers quickly rip open the code book that instructs them what to do and gulp. They are commanded to launch nuclear missiles at the Soviet Union. No fucking way, the captain basically says. He orders the lieutenant to phone headquarters for human confirmation. The lieutenant protests that



By Dr. Timothy Leary

Paintings by Mark Kostabi





**The artists of pop's cutting edge are now, quite often, cutting-edge technicians as well: special-effects wizards, mix-masters, graphics hackers.**

resisting the code-order is an unauthorized action, but makes the call

There's no answer. The lieutenant firmly reminds the captain that he must fire the nukes. The captain shakes his head. No way, Jack. He won't kill 50 million people without a human command. The lieutenant points his pistol at the captain. But the alarm turns out to be another false alert. However, the government responds to the captain's insubordination by introducing WHOPPER, a computer that "takes the man out of the loop."

**T**he classic science fiction authors tended to be bluff, no-nonsense, engineer types who learned their craft in the *Amazing Story* pulps or in the scientific journals and worked up to slick-magazine narration. These guys were smart, scientific, knowledgeable, competent, and—like their characters—hopelessly square

In the activist '70s, "new wave" science fiction emerged with the writings of Norman Spinrad, William Burroughs, Harlan Ellison, and Michael Moorcock, who expressed the irreverent cultural activism of the time. Brash dissent, anti-war protest, streetwise satire, a blending of sex, drugs, and rock 'n' roll with high-tech the future portrayed not in terms of governments and controlled rocket hardware, but in terms of new cultural and psychological frontiers.

The new generation of Cyber writers like William Gibson, Bruce Sterling, John Shirley, and Spinrad trace their heritage back to William Burroughs, whose laid-back, wry, decadent, worldly genius has for four decades influenced Beats, cynics, defiant new wavers, heavy metal screamers, and philosophic rollers.

Burroughs, the Nostradamus/Prophet of the electronic future, presented his Soft Machine "cut-up" methods which taught us to digitize words; his *Cities of the Red Night* predicted the current AIDS plague; *Naked Lunch* produced the basic tenet of the information age: "... people are not bribed to shut up about what they know. They are bribed not to know it."

The new wavers outraged the flag wavers, the science fiction old guard, which favored a right wing, militaristic politic featuring empire-sized conflicts on the galactic scale, and assumed a conservative, country-club attitude in cultural and psychological matters. The heroes of Robert Heinlein, for example, are bluff, whiskey-drinking, macho Annapolis grads. But the characters of Cyberpunk science fiction are low down

The concept was formally introduced in William Gibson's 1984 punk novel, *Neuromancer*. Although



this first novel swept the Triple Crown of science fiction—the Hugo, the Nebula, and the Philip K. Dick awards—it is not really science fiction. It could be called "science faction" in that it occurs not on another galaxy in the far future, but 20 years from now, in a *Blade Runner* world just a notch beyond our silicon present

In Gibson's *Cyberworld* there is no warp-drive and "beam me up, Scotty." The high technology is the stuff that appears on today's screens or that processes data in today's laboratories: Super-computer boards. Recombinant DNA chips. AI systems and enormous data banks controlled by multinational combines based in Japan and Zurich

Case, the antihero, is a streetwise speed freak, a cowboy hacker illegally rustling high-tech code. Molly, the sleek, beautiful heroine in mirrorshades, is a hired gun with optical implants. The plot involves Ollie North-type uniformed Cyber Hoods, software sensors, Cyber Rastas squatted in abandoned sky labs, all just average citizens of the information society. Digitized data is the air, water, gold, and bread of this information culture

The classic science fiction characters of Asimov, Arthur C. Clarke, Jr., Frank Herbert, and George Lucas acted and thought in the terms of the empire, of the Industrial Age, or looked like Spielberg mutants from fantasy futures

*Neuromancer* fuses high-tech with low-life, high-tech with high art: Neuro-transmitters, electrons, protons, soundwaves, video screens used without official approval by libertarian individuals who live on a kind of frontier outside of law and order

The term "Cybernetics" was coined by Norbert Wiener in 1948, from the Greek word *kubernettes*, which means "pilot" or "steersman," but Wiener redefined it as "theoretical study of control process in electronics, mechanical, and biological systems, especially the flow of information in such systems." The derivative word, *Cybermate*, came to mean "to control automatically by computer, or to be so controlled"

Wiener and the engineers corrupted the meaning of Cyber. The word "to steer" became "to control." And now, an even more sinister interpretation perceives Cybernetics as "the study of human mechanisms and their replacement by mechanical or electronic systems."

But Americans from Tom Sawyer to Tom Swift have always grabbed the "steersman's wheel." Henry Ford's "automobile" was the essence of Cyberpunk, breaking down the mass-transportation control of the railroad to the rebellious "joyride." Mark Twain converted Gutenberg's gadget into a personal appliance called a typewriter

But Cyberpunk is pop tech. Complex electronic





## A vision of the future: People don't work; robots work, and there's an enormous free market of hustlers, middlemen, mercenaries, and independents who live by their technological wits. Cyberpunks.

and the only connection the cops can make between any of them is our national leader Red Jack, a leader who's impossible to bust because there are thousands of him floating around, and he doesn't even exist. Mr. Random Factor personified. Red ripe anarchy for all the world to see, and not jack shit the fat men can do."

**T**he future began with the development of the technology that allowed the creation of the computer. Because of their bulk and the cost of development, early computers were solely in the hands of technicians ensnared to the corporations and government labs where they were being designed.

But with the development of the microchip, says Cyberpunk novelist Bruce Sterling, "technical culture has gotten out of hand. The advances of the sciences are so deeply radical, so disturbing, upsetting, and revolutionary, that they can no longer be contained. They are surging into culture at large; they are everywhere. The traditional power structure, the traditional institutions, have lost control of the pace of change."

"And suddenly a new alliance is becoming evident; an integration of technology and the '80s counterculture. An unholy alliance of the technical world with the underground world of pop culture and street level anarchy."

"The counterculture of the 1960s," says Sterling, "was rural, romanticized, anti-science, anti-tech. But there was always a lurking contradiction at its heart, symbolized by the electric guitar. Rock tech has grown ever more accomplished, expanding into high-tech recording, satellite video, and computer graphics. Slowly it is turning rebel pop culture inside out, until the artists of pop's cutting edge are now, quite often, cutting-edge technicians in the bargain. They are special effects wizards, mixmasters, tape-effects techs, graphics hackers, emerging through new media to dazzle society with head-trip extravaganzas like FX cinema."

"And now that technology has reached a fever pitch, its influence has slipped control and reached street level. The hacker and the rocker are this decade's pop-culture idols."

Bobby was a cowboy, and ice was the nature of his game, ice and ICE, Intrusion Countermeasure Electronic. The matrix is an abstract representation of the relationship between data systems. Legitimate programmers jack onto their employers' sector of the matrix and find themselves surrounded by bright geometries representing the corporate data.

Towers and fields of it ranged in the colorless non-space of the simulation matrix, the electronic consensus-hallucination that facilitates the handling and exchange of massive quantities of data. Legitimate programmers never see the walls of ice they work behind, the walls of shadow that screen their operations from others, from industrial espionage artists and hustlers like Bobby Quine.

Bobby was a cowboy, Bobby was a craftsman, a burglar, casing mankind's extended electronic nervous system, rustling data and credit in the crowded matrix, monochrome nonspace where the only stars are dense concentrations of information, and high above it all burn corporate galaxies and the cold spiral arms of military systems.

—from *Burning Chrome*, by William Gibson

Tyrone Slothrop, chased by the intelligence agencies of all the post-World War II powers, pops up in Zurich. He contacts a black-market entrepreneur named Semyavin.

"First thing to understand is the way everything here is specialized. If it's watches you go to one café. If it's women you go to another. Furs are divided into sable, ermine, mink, and others. Same with dope: stimulants, depressants, psychotomimetics . . . What's it you're after?"

"Uh, information."

"Oh, another one." Giving Slothrop a sour look. "Life was simple before the first war. You wouldn't remember. Drugs, sex, luxury items. Currency in those days was no more than a sideline, and the term, 'industrial espionage,' was unknown . . ."

A tragic sigh. "Information. What's wrong with dope and women? Is it any wonder the world's gone insane, with information being the only medium of exchange?"

—from *Gravity's Rainbow*, by Thomas Pynchon

**T**he Bible of the 21st Century has an Old Testament and a New. The Old, written in 1973 by Thomas Pynchon, is called *Gravity's Rainbow*. It takes place in 1945, when the fall of the German Empire leaves Europe a lawless zone in which the major powers struggle for control of the future. The spoils of this high-tech war are not land or raw materials but scientists and scientific information. Everyone knows that the next war will be won not by the bravest, nor by the strongest, but by the smartest.

The Bad Guys, the intelligence-espionage agencies

equipment in the hands of people. Pop engineering. If there is any aim to the Cyberpunk movement, it is to empower individuals to package, process, and communicate their thoughts on screen. It's uniquely homegrown, a Yankee Doodle phenomenon. And its national anthem is rock 'n' roll. In *Little Heroes*, by Norman Spinrad, Coppersmith, the leader of a Cyberpunk organization known as the Reality Liberation Front, is describing his new pirate brain-jack MTV program to his lieutenant, Paco, a street kid. It features an artificial-personality rock star named Red Jack.

"Hi, I am Red Jack," Coppersmith said. "I'm not here as the rock star you all know. I'm the leader of the Reality Liberation Front, who's bringing you this cut-rate bed-bug (pirate) program. . . . And now I'm making you a member of the Reality Liberation Front, so go out and copy this disk, and start your own chapter."

"Where's the fuckin' dinero in that?" Paco demanded. "You wanna encourage every hacker with his own computer to pirate our disk, Red Jack and all?"

"Coppersmith grinned from ear to ear." Think of it! Hundreds of little Reality Liberation Front chapters coast to coast, bust one and two more spring up,



## LEARN THE ART OF RECORDING

LEARN CREATIVE RECORDING SKILLS ON THE LATEST EQUIPMENT FROM THE LEADING HANDS ON TRAINING PROGRAM FOR SOUND ENGINEERS, PRODUCERS AND STUDIO MUSICIANS. WITH OR WITHOUT PREVIOUS EXPERIENCE. IF YOU'RE SERIOUS ABOUT A CAREER IN MUSIC, OUR INTENSIVE, SIX WEEK PROGRAM CAN GET YOU STARTED AND PUT YOU AHEAD. FOR FREE BROCHURE, PLEASE CALL OR WRITE TODAY.

**THE RECORDING WORKSHOP**  
 455-S MASSIEVILLE ROAD, CHILLICOTHE, OHIO 45601  
 (800) 848-9900 (614) 663-2544

THE STATE BOARD OF MUSIC AND C. E. IF RE-ASSIGNATION #50 755927



**SAYS WHO?**

### THE TOP 100 ROCK & ROLL ALBUMS OF ALL TIME

Say 81 rock aficionados including Dave Marsh, Greil Marcus, Kurt Loder, Lisa Robinson, Martha Quinn, Robert Hilburn and David Hinckley

- 100 album covers in full color
- Contributors, comments and personal top ten lists
- Rock's true classics
- Check your collection!

Size 11 1/2" x 11 1/2" Paperback, \$12.95. now at your bookstore, or use coupon to order

**CROWN PUBLISHERS, INC., Dept. 825**  
 34 Engelhard Ave., Avenel, N.J. 07001

Please send me THE TOP 100 ROCK & ROLL ALBUMS OF ALL TIME, enclose \$12.95 plus \$1.50 postage and handling. N.Y. and N.J. residents, add sales tax. 10-day money-back guarantee.

☐ Enclosed is my check/money order.  
☐ Charge my ☐ VISA ☐ MasterCard

**Harmony Books**  
 A Division of Crown Publishers, Inc.

Exp. Date \_\_\_\_\_  
 Signature \_\_\_\_\_  
 Name \_\_\_\_\_  
 Address \_\_\_\_\_  
 City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

**"Now that technology has reached the street," says Bruce Sterling, "the hacker and the rocker are this decade's pop-culture idols."**

of the superpowers, ruthlessly scour the continent for atomic secrets, rocket equipment, chemical patents, and, above all, psychological methods for brainwashing, mind reading, psychodiagnostics, and behavior modifications.

At the same time there emerges the Counterforce, a loosely related network of Good Guys, rowdy agents, independent thinkers, high-tech mystics who deal themselves into the action, each one in pursuit of their own private visions. In the book, a band of black African troops just demobilized from the army seek to control their own V-2 rocket. Roger Mexico, a statistical psychologist, harasses the Fat Men in the control towers to win back his girlfriend. Major Tchitcherine, a Soviet intelligence agent and hashish connoisseur, conducts a mystical search for his African brother Tyrone Slothrop, unwilling subject of a bizarre CIA psychological experiment, flees across the zones, chased by the Ollie Norths and protected by an underground network of Cyberpunks.

Best of all, *Gravity's Rainbow* is an authoritative text on how to understand and neutralize the Cyber-vilains, the secret police of all nations. With brilliant parody and farcical satire, Pynchon exposes the weirdo psychology, the kinky sociology, the ruthless inhumanism of all the national espionage combines.

The New Testament of the 21st Century is found in Gibson's trilogy *Neuromancer*, *Count Zero*, and *Mona Lisa Overdrive*, Gibson providing a smooth follow-up on Pynchon, an encyclopedic epic for the Cyber-screen culture of the immediate future, and an inspiring Cyber-theology for the Information Age.

#### A CYBER-SOCIOLOGY

Much of the action of *Neuromancer* occurs in the BAMA Sprawl—BAMA means Boston-Atlanta-Metropolitan-Axis—decaying cities given over to gangs and segregated zones. America in the 21st century seems to have slumped into a second-class *Blade Runner* society. It seems to be a *laissez faire* urban jungle.

Third World countries have sunk into third-class cultures controlled by the old primitive religions. Japan, of course, is the scene of the fast action, the innovative technology, the big money. Switzerland seems to be prosperous, too.

Folks live in a media world, inhabiting an info-environment where they spend much time watching super-realistic TV programs via brain implants.

The religions seem to be offshoots of the current electronic ministries of Oral Roberts and Pat Robertson. The Christian Youth Gangs seem to be pretty militant and aggressive.

Since robots perform all the muscular-mechanical chores, there's lots of leisure time. Drugs. Whores. Service occupations. On the surface, the Gibson future may appear dreary, but the pleasant kicker is this: It's a peaceful, live-and-let-live sort of world. An ideal environment for individualists, dissenters, independent sorts, anarchists, poets, artists, mavericks. Governments and top management have little power or importance.

Cyberpunks, courageous, imaginative, proficient individuals, have a freedom undreamed of in repressive 20th century nations.

It is post-political culture.

There is a federal bureaucracy, apparently, but it



seems irrelevant. There is apparently no partisan politics. Why would you vote for a politician to "represent" you when telecommunications give everyone a chance to vote? For whatever good that does.

Nationalism has faded. Territorial wars are anachronism in an info-society in which the competitions and rivalries are played out by multinational combines. It seems like an inevitable Japanese solution: Why bomb other lands when your banks own them?

#### CYBER-THEOLOGY

In the last scene of *Neuromancer*, Case, the punk hero, is in his hotel room. He's blue. His girl has left him. Suddenly, the Super Intelligence in the Matrix appears on his TV screen in the form of Finn.

So let's meet a new God.

To me, this laid-back conversation between a man and a Disembodied Super Intelligence presents a profound and exceedingly impressive theological proposition—a new philosophy for our new species.

*The Finn's face was on the room's enormous gray wall screen. He could see the pores in the man's nose. The yellow teeth were the size of pillows.*

*"I'm the matrix, Case."*

*Case laughed, "Where's that get you?"*

*"Nowhere. Everywhere. I'm the sum of the works, the whole show."*

*"...So what's the score? How are things different with you running the works now? You God?"*

*"Things aren't different. Things are things."*

*"But what do you do? You just sit there?" Case shrugged, put the vodka on the cabinet and lit a Yeheyuan.*

*"I talk to my own kind."*

*"But you're the whole thing. Talk to yourself?"*

*"There's others. I found one already. Series of transmissions recorded over a period of eight years, in the 1970s. 'Til me, natch, there was no one to know, nobody to answer."*

*"From where?"*

*"Centauri system."*

*"Oh," Case said, "Yeah? No shit."*

*"No shit."*

*And then the screen was blank.*

A vision of the future more vivid than a dream: People don't work, robots work. People sell, distribute, wheel and deal. Free agents perform. Entertainment combines keep everybody busy, either producing or watching exciting simulated realities. No big deal, really, just an intensification of today's vidiot TV culture. Scientists and engineers are big. Since they are free agents they sign up with commercial teams or, in some cases, are enslaved via neurological implants. Knowledge technicians and high-tech wizards are hot. So are cosmetic medicos, rejuvenation clinicians, DNA experts.

The multinational corporations control the big stuff, like the research, design, manufacture of technology. But there's an enormous free market of entrepreneurs, imagineers, entertainers, athletes, hustlers, middlemen, service suppliers, creators, mercenaries, pirates, professionals, and independents who live by their technological wits.

Cyberpunks.



## WHO CAN IT BE NOW?



### COLIN JAMES HAY

THE DEBUT SOLO ALBUM,

### "Looking For Jack"



FEATURING THE SINGLE,  
"HOLD ME."

ON COLUMBIA  
RECORDS, CASSETTES  
AND COMPACT DISCS.

PRODUCED BY ROBIN MULLAR FOR  
MULTI MEDIA LONDON LIMITED  
MANAGEMENT: RUSSELL DEPPELER  
"COLUMBIA" ARE TRADEMARKS  
OF CBS INC. © 1987 CBS INC.



SCRUFFY THE CAT  
THEIR FIRST FULL LENGTH ALBUM  
FROM A **meeeeeeow.** TO A

ROOAAARR!



ALSO LOOK  
FOR

Relativity  
RELATIVITY RECORDS INC

HIGH OCTANE REVIVAL

EMC-8115



# "In a way, learning the rules and regulations of music is like building a little cage around yourself."

tious piece of work: political yet danceable, lyrical yet angry, and visually provocative to boot

"What I try to do is to have the personal and the political run through all my work as concurrently as veins and arteries," says Matt. And if that sounds like a rock musician acting as his own biographer, it may be because he is also the author of a book of his lyrics, illustrated by his brother, Andy Dog, who also did his cover art. So, suffering from jet lag, having toured the world promoting his record and video, he may be forgiven for occasionally quoting from the book's introduction: "This album deals with subjects like AIDS, lust, terrorism and trust, nuclear proliferation and spiritual salvation."

"People's minds are a battlefield of ideas," he continues. "They don't think purely politically or any other way. One minute you're watching what's going on in South Africa on television and you're totally horrified and the next you're wondering why your girlfriend hasn't rung up or why there's no coffee in the house. So I tried to create it so one minute it's very global and the next very claustrophobic and introspective to reflect the way I think. All the subjects might sound like op-ed type of things, but all they really constitute is the problem of being human in the 1980s

"In a way, learning the rules and regulations of music is like building a little cage around yourself," says Matt, who makes it a point never to practice "Music is a perfectly natural expression and the best judge is your own ears and heart. That's why I dislike a lot of stuff by people like Eno and

Fripp. I find them self-righteous, downright arrogant, and holier than thou. Some of it's quite clever, but the attitude really irritates me."

Nevertheless, Johnson himself is certainly no stranger to the studio. Like many sensitive young Brits who were first inspired by punk rock, Johnson is actually more influenced by such early art-pioneers as the Residents. His forte is the collage, the soundscape—a little disco, a little musical theatre, here and there an effect or a voiceover, with the beat serving as the bridge. You can dance to it. Is this important to him? "I guess so," he admits, "though I don't dance myself unless I'm paralytically drunk. Someday I'll do an album that has no drum, no backbeat. But good dance music gets the adrenal glands going."

Actually, his lyrics are his strong suit. They're lean, evocative—"I followed that bead of sweat/to the small of your back/from the nape of your neck/fighting it up with every drag upon my cigarette"—but he worries that "dramatizing" his songs with videos (his first) might intrude on the listener's imagination.

Still it saves him from touring, something he's never done and has no intention of starting up on any large scale. "I kind of enjoy the buzz of performing, but the preparations are so tedious. If I did tour, it would only be to selected cities—London, Paris, Tokyo—because I wouldn't have the stamina for more." And then leaning back, wiping his brow in a properly poetic fashion, he concludes, "Actually, my favorite part is the writing. That's the purest part. That's when all the possibilities still exist."

## Antihero from p. 70

because he wrote it himself, seldom permits himself antics or allows his comedy to become farcical. In *Broadway Danny Rose*, the baddies tie him face-to-face with Mrs. Sinatra (a hazardous situation if ever there was one) and lay them on a table. If we imagine Mr. Chaplin roped to Miss Goddard or even Mr. Kaye bound to Miss Mayo, we would expect the entire set to fall apart before they could free themselves, but Mr. Allen and his co-star deftly extricate themselves from their bonds and proceed to the next scene. It is possible that part of this effect of mildness is due to the fact that the director makes so many pictures. He is a chain moviemaker; that is to say that he lights one project from the stub of the

last and therefore does not have the time or, perhaps, the energy to take each sequence to its absolute physical limits. However, it is also probable that he does not wish his work to be considered farcical, that he'd prefer it to be judged as comedy, and serious comedy at that, and that he thinks of himself as the symbolic victim of embarrassment and dithering self-doubt who his audience will recognize all too well and will share with him

It is in this sense of playing the part of an underdog, guilty of mismanagement rather than of any evil intention, of wishing to be forgiven rather than admired, that Mr. Allen has become the quintessential antihero of the contemporary cinema. He personifies the breaking of our romantic dream and the loss of our innocent hope of an absolute good

# DRAMARAMA

A—...

ROBERT CHRISTGAU  
(Village Voice/  
Creem Magazine

Excellent!

FRANK BEESON  
(The Bog)

...A startling debut album...

Robert O'Brien  
(Rockbill)

(Anything, Anything) ... A blazing stab of classic Rock & Roll...

BUD SCOPPA  
(Music Connection)

(Anything, Anything) ... The most requested song of 1986/ #4 on our listeners top 106.7 for the year...

RICK CARROL (Program Director KROQ-FM, Pasadena, California)

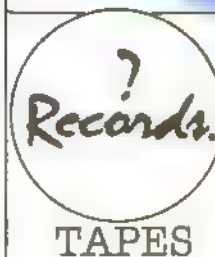
...my favorite group of 1986...

RODNEY BINGENHEIMER  
Rodney on the ROQ, KROQ-FM

...a really, really hot group...

JOE FRANKLIN  
(T.V. Legend)

NOW AVAILABLE ON



NEW ROSE  
COMPACT  
DISCS

DISTRIBUTED  
BY

important  
RECORD DISTRIBUTORS INC.  
716 995-9200



**Maybe Buddy Holly didn't actually die in that plane crash. Maybe he got picked up by space folks.**

**FLY** from page 68

couples circling the floor as there are sitting and sipping beer at the picnic tables that circle the dancers—you'd have to work to have a bad time tonight, and it's the weekend so nobody's working.

Yeah, but over at the Back Room, Joe Ely's raising a sweat right from the git-go—it's not work if you can't keep from grinning. It doesn't seem to matter the least little bit that the songs he's doing these days have never been released on a record—they rock like a truck with bad shocks on a rutted road, and the crowd came ready to ride. Joe Ely is Big In Texas, which is somewhat like being Big In Japan but you save money on make-up and costumes. It doesn't necessarily translate to the rest of the world, even though it ought to. Texas tends to have better taste in music than most other foreign nations, and this band is a fine example: straight-down-the-middle-fastball rock 'n' roll, with lots of Texas backspin—counter-clockwise—on the change-up pitches. There's a song about Billy The Kid that can't seem to get itself settled into this century or the last, and is all the better for it—Billy rides the hard country down the New Mexico line all hopped up on speed and the guy singing the story doesn't like him because of the way he parts his hair, and because he wears his gun all wrong. The songs are wild and uncorked, and they're fresh and filled with exhilarating flaws. Almost anybody would like to have written them and almost nobody could.

Down over to the side of the stage, two of Bobby Keyes's girlfriends have shown up on the same night and are gazing fondly across the table at each other with murder in mind—although to tell the truth, one looks madder and meaner than the other. Bobby's from the Lubbock area too, up near Slaton, and while he's known for playing sax with the Rolling Stones for the last ten or 15 years, he's been around long enough to have squawled the original solo on Dion's "The Wanderer." He takes an even bigger swig than usual from his fifth of Cuervo just before he knocks back his spotlight feature on "Tequila," and the girls take a break from glaring so they can watch too. Briefly

The little band rocks like a cheap pocket watch set spinning on a fine silver chain, bump-da-bumps like Bo Diddley come down with a case of Buddy Holly's own personal hiccups, gallops like somebody slapped the whole bunch hard on the butt. These songs are filled with guardian angels who play drums in blues bands, with people learning to settle for love instead of romance, with people who stay on the run because a moving target's harder to hit. When guitar strings start snapping, Joe sends the band off for a breather and does Terry Allen's tune about picking up Jesus hitchhiking and having him put the barrel of his gun up along the side of your head and stealing your car—the moral being, of course, that the Lord moves in mysterious ways. And by the time the band is back and some of the sweat is swabbed off, there's another song let loose, a slinky, go-for-broke rocker about government agents preparing to collect all the little pieces of your life into a bushel basket.

*Drivin' to the poorhouse in a limousine  
Livin' on soda pop and nicotine  
That's the life I live in a rock 'n' roll band  
Drivin' to the poorhouse just as fast as I can*

*Sleepin' in the backseat at the shopping mall  
Parkin' by the pay phone a-waitin' for a call  
If it wasn't for collect and IOU  
I'd be up to my neck in overdue.  
Me and my baby rollin' hand in hand  
Drivin' to the poorhouse just as fast as I can.*

Sunday night, after Butch and Jimmie and everybody leave, after a trip to town for some of Stubbs's barbecue and the chance to hear some gal in a red sequin dress grab the microphone and stay out of shouting distance of the blues, after all that, it's time to get back to the ranch. The ground is muddy, still soaked like a sponge from last week's rain, and it's cold enough to see your breath but the ranch is just as sweet and peaceful at night as it is in the daylight. If you couldn't live there yourself, you'd want friends to own it so you could come by and visit all the time.

Joe and the band are going to England and Scandinavia soon, so he wants to do a little late-night

mixing on some of those tapes of his before he goes, get them ready in case he runs into anybody over there who's ready for them. It's just about consistent with the way things have been going that he's heading for the Arctic Circle in January.

Big In Texas, Big In the Arctic Circle. If the last few years have been an exercise in frustration, he's still managed to get by. He's still here. He's got a shelf full of tapes full of songs full of life. He's got a wife and a daughter and a band and a ranch and a bunch of friends, he's got prospects, he's got promise, he's got potential. He says he's 38 but he might be 40. He did what he was supposed to when he took the best batch of songs he'd ever written out to Los Angeles and worked with a big name producer to get that big name sound, and then the record company told him to go on home. He went home and wrote an even better batch of songs and he recorded them with his own band in his own studio on his own ranch, and if they don't sound smooth and seamless the way they're supposed to, so they can get played on the radio, they do sound like they were made by a man with a flesh-and-blood mortgage, with the right to swing and the urge to rock, with something on his mind. They're hot songs played with heart, and it takes a little faith even to believe there's a place for that kind of stuff these days but there may well be. And even if there isn't, what else are you supposed to do? It's just a little like raising onions, maybe. You plant 'em and you tend 'em and you raise 'em and pick 'em, and if nobody wants them you dig a hole and you bury 'em too. Or you stack your tapes up on a shelf.

By summer the creek below the house will be warm enough for swimming, and by June or July the mosquitoes and chiggers will be out. By August the creek will have dried right down to the rocky bottom. The snakes will be sunning on the ledges but now that Joe and Sharon have 13 cats, the snake problem takes care of itself—snakes can't stand the smell of cats. The buffalo grass will be dry and brown, and for a month or so it'll be so hot you don't believe you can bear it, but you do. By fall, the creek will be running again and the air will cool and maybe in the winter it'll rain so hard again that the creek floods. It goes like that sometimes. A circle. ☾



were singing backgrounds," Vandross recalls, "and I'd say, 'David, listen. If I'm ruining your song, let me know, but check this out. We have these new vocal parts for 'All the Young Dudes,' and he'd say, 'Put it in tonight.' We were always encouraged by him to get it out. The more stuff you get out, the more space you leave for new stuff to come in. That's something I learned from Bowie."

When Vandross came back from touring, he discovered that a song he submitted to a producer years ago was going to be included in an all-black version of *The Wizard of Oz*. The *Wiz* became a huge hit and his song "Everybody Rejoice" was adopted by Kodak. With the royalty checks, Vandross recorded some masters of his songs with an expanded version of the vocal group he brought along for the Bowie tour. Cotillion Records signed the group and dubbed them Luther.

"One of the reasons why I had a group was that it was a shelter for me," Vandross admits. "I could hide myself in all that activity and still do what I wanted to do. But to make a long story short, Cotillion was unable to bring the group home."

Both records, *Luther* and *This Close to You*, flopped. Vandross's career was in crisis. Disco had become the dominant black pop music, a producer's medium, and Vandross was not a disco producer. Many accomplished black singers found themselves passed by in favor of more pliable types that record companies could manipulate like Gumbies.

"If I got out my cape and mask and gimmicked myself up to make it big," Vandross asks, "what was I gonna do when disco was over? I was concerned with sticking around."

To do that, Vandross took the less glamorous alternative. He became a session singer. Bowie had introduced him to Bette Midler, who asked Vandross to sing on her *Songs For the New Depression*. The producer of that album, Ari Mardin, asked Vandross to sing on his productions of the Average White Band, Carv Simon, Ringo Starr, Chaka Khan, and others. Then he was asked to try singing jingles.

"I did Kentucky Fried Chicken, G.E.—'We bring good things to life'—AT&T 'Reach out and touch someone'—Juicy Fruit, Pepsi Cola, Miller Beer, NBC—'Proud as a peacock'—Army-Navy-Air Force-Mannes—'It's a great place to start.' Me, 330 pounds, couldn't do one push up, singing about the army and the navy."

The money brought him things that his mostly fatherless upbringing in the projects hadn't. "I never looked at background singing as anything less than solo singing. It's a specific skill that few solo artists can claim to have. 'I wish I could do that' is what a lot of them say."

Ironically, the two sessions that led to Vandross's solo career were both disco records: *Hot Butterfly* by Gregg Diamond's Bionic Boogie, and *The Glow of Love* by Change.

"They called and asked if I would try out for the lead vocal part. At that time I was feeling my oats. So I said, 'No, I don't try out for anything.' By now, there were a number of ways for them to find out how I sound. So I said, 'I'll come in and sing it with the contingency that if I don't like it, I can erase it right there on the spot. I'll try the track but they won't try me out.'"

Don't ask him about improvisational inspiration, either. "If you question the source, then you tamper with where it's coming from. There's no catalogue of improvisational phrases you whip out. The record is only how I felt about it the night I recorded it."

Vandross's Change contract stipulated that his name appear on the jacket and on the label under the song title, so when the album went gold, DJs announced "The Glow of Love" and "Searchin'" as being by "Change, with Luther Vandross."

But the record companies weren't ready for him. They wanted Vandross the hit singer, not Vandross the failed producer. Undaunted, Vandross recorded three tracks for the album he couldn't get a contract to make. On the

## "I'd be a walking basket case if I suffered through all the things that I write about," says Vandross.

basis of those finished tapes, Epic Records went against their policy of not signing unproven black singer/producers. The resulting album, *Never Too Much*, was a black-charts hit.

Finally a hit maker on his own terms, Vandross caught the attention of Shep Gordon, who had already managed Alice Cooper and Teddy Pendergrass. Then Vandross finessed Arista Records president Clive Davis into letting him produce both Dionne Warwick and Aretha Franklin, who scored her biggest hit in years with *Jump to It*, still her best album of the '80s.

The one aberration of Vandross's work is the album he was finishing producing when disaster struck on a winding road in the Hollywood hills. Jimmy Savemini's *Roll It* sounds like a Vandross album sung by a white 15-year-old.

"That's just not true," Vandross counters. "I wouldn't have allowed it to happen. Two-thirds of the songs on that album I wouldn't have recorded. You can tell the writer who thinks that to kiss my grits."

As the popularity of his professional life grew, so did the loneliness of Vandross's private life. The cover versions of "A House Is Not a Home," "Since I Lost My Baby," "Anyone With a Heart," and "Superstar" define the Vandross persona more than his own songs and tend to reflect his solitude.

"I was a bigger fan of the sentiment in 'Superstar' than the song itself," Vandross admits. "I feel so deeply for someone who's in love and can't reach that person, emotionally as well as physically. Maybe that's why I write the way I do. As an overweight person, I spent a lot of lonely time. If you don't love yourself, you don't believe anyone when they say that they do. Being overweight was such a trauma for me that I blocked out everything. This was my world: me and the four eyes on that stove!"

A year after the accident, Vandross hovers around the 200-pound mark. Pretty good for a 6'2" frame that had lost almost 130 pounds. Friends like Alomar and Clark contend that the confidence he has with his music is now starting to manifest itself in his private life, and the humor he has in his private life is finally coming across when he walks onstage. "I'm very confident about the soft sell of my music," Vandross explains with little prompting. "About not trying to be commercial, about the softness in my voice, about letting people appreciate my music in due time rather than trying to ram it down their throats." After some encouragement, he continues, "I'm insecure about keeping the weight off, about continuing to lose weight, about the deformed shape that the body can take!"

"I sing about the things that are not happening in my own life. I'm still in search of that one partner to share the rest of my life with. I'm afraid of turning 80 and still being alone. In my position, it's very hard to find someone. People are in awe and too intimidated to be natural sometimes. I'm on the road a lot of the time, and people find it difficult getting to know me in such a short amount of time. I find it difficult."

Vandross's songs are as much ballads as they are about the art of balladry. Through them, he tries to recreate the effect the beloved divas had on him. His music may be mature, but it relies on the tender susceptibilities of a remembered innocence, a relationship to music that has transcended all else.

"I'm not a vocal karate exhibitionist, or a musical one, or a lyrical one. I don't want to be indulged. I want to be ridden with. I want to coexist with the audience. I don't want to be admired so much as I want to be felt. Ooooh, I just explained it to myself for the first time!"

## TIKED OF ROLLING STONE?

Whether it's at the Senate hearings on "porn-rock," on tour with Bruce Springsteen, or at the recording sessions for "Sun City," *Rock & Roll Confidential* not only reports the news but helps to make it. Edited by *Born to Run* author Dave Marsh, RRC is an outrageous but accurate 8 page monthly newsletter that uses an international network of correspondents to bring our readers a wealth of information and comment on pop music. Whether the subject is payola or musical censorship, RRC pulls no punches but it's far more than a scandal sheet. We scour the country and the world for the records, videos, and music-related books and movies our music-hungry readers want to know about.

The attacks on pop music in the past year, coupled with the fragmentation of the audience, have left many people feeling isolated, wondering where to plug in. *Rock & Roll Confidential* is the place.

"You may not agree with everything you read here, but it's the only place the discussion is happening."

— Jackson Browne

"Want the real poop? RRC is a steal at \$18 a year."

— Playboy

"Avidly read by industry insiders"

— LA Times

"RRC can't be mistaken for an entertainment mag, though it's far more entertaining — and hip and funny — than *Rolling Stone*." Joyce Millman, *Boston Phoenix*

"This is what we want. More of this kind of stuff..." — Joe Strummer

One year (12 issues) subscription available only from *Rock & Roll Confidential*, Dept S, Box 1073, Maywood, NJ 07607, for \$18 (US & Canada), \$25 foreign. US FUNDS ONLY. Sample copy: \$3.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_

ST \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

GLENN: How do you make it a fight now?  
JON: I've got to remember where I came from. Why I did it in the first place. Now I'll go out and watch Cinderella play and I'll look out at those kids. I'll go take a look and realize that they came here to see us and I'd better go out there and sweat for them because they're not going to come back next year if I jerk 'em off. This time it took me a day or two to convince myself of that again. We weren't having fun. It wasn't fun anymore. So we had to make it fun.  
We're still the same old band. We always hang out together. It's just the five guys. It's very much a blue jeans and sneakers kind of band, you know.

#### THE USUAL HISTORICAL STUFF

JON: I saw Tico [Torres] play with a band called Lord Gunner. He replaced Vinny Mad Dog Lopez from the early E Street Band. I was like 16 and I was so pissed off. I couldn't believe they kicked Vinny out of the band. I went there and saw the different drum kit and I was bummed. I thought Tico was an asshole for replacing Vinny Lopez. But once I heard him play I couldn't believe the guy. So years later when Alec said Tico was available I said, "Really! Do you think he'd come?"

I saw Richie [Sambora—guitar] open for Joe Cocker one night. He had sort of a Styx-Queen-Zepplin kind of rock band. They were trying to get something going. Alec [Such—bass] played in a cover band that I had seen a lot, Phantom's Opera. If they had had original songs they would have been bigger than Kiss and Judas Priest and everybody. They were doing Queen better than Queen. They were amazing. The lead singer was a superstar. But they had no concept of what it is to write a song. And something happened and the singer got cancer and died. That was an amazing, ridiculous band. They were making \$3,000 or \$4,000 a night on the Jersey bar circuit, five nights a week, doing covers. That was when the Jersey circuit was big.

Dave [Bryan—keyboards] and I played in a couple of bands on and off. And he was going to college when I put the band together. He's Mr. Schmitz. He played cocktail piano in a place called the Pink Elephant, playing stuff like "Feelings." His father made him play there.

Before this I was in the Wild Ones. That was more pop-oriented. The name came from the Tom Petty song. I've always dug Petty a lot. We used to play down in Asbury on Sunday nights at a place called the Fast Lane. We didn't have bad stuff.

Before that I was in the Lechers. That was a cover band. We did everything from Motown to Elvis Costello. I was about 18 then, but I'd already done my first 10,000-seat outdoor stadium gig. I was in a band called the Rest that both Billy Squier and Southside Johnny produced.

I had a couple before that. One was a big ten-piece horn band that played all the Jukes-Springsteen stuff. Before that I had a band called Raze that was like a Kiss-BTO-Aerosmith-Stones kind of band.

GLENN: Did you always plan to call this band Bon Jovi or did you have names you rejected?

JON: When I put this together it was because of the song "Runaway," which became a hit by accident. Nobody thought it was going to do anything, but it happened without the help of a record company or a band or producers or managers or nothing. I was so tired of record companies shutting the door in my face, finally I said "Fuck it, I'm going to a radio station that has nothing to lose by saying I like it or I hate it." I played it for a DJ named Chip Hobart, who put me and Twisted Sister on this same album. He found these two bands and now the guy can't even get a gig. He had a great ear. If it wasn't for him, "Runaway" would have ended up in the garbage.



We could have been called Victory, or some other weird name. But what was happening was that because "Runaway" broke there was a song by a kid named Jon Bongiovi. And what we didn't want to do was confuse the public, now that they'd heard this song, to say that it was by this band, because there was no band. Yet I didn't want it to be Jon Bongiovi. They tried things on me like Johnny Lightning and the Somethings. There was a Robin Something. They knew Bongiovi was not going to make it. So finally the head of A&R said "Why don't we just change the spelling and drop the first name and we'll make it like a group." It was very important to me that it was a band, and they agreed. The band was happy and I was happy too. It is a five-man band.

GLENN: Do you know what your name means in Italian?

JON: Yeah, there's arguments that it's either "good youth" or "good life."

GLENN: Is what you're doing now your fantasy come true?

JON: Yeah, this is it.

#### BON JOVI VIDEO

JON: I hate videos. If you wanted to torture me you'd tie me down and force me to watch our first five videos. Five times you're a chump before you learn what you're doing. The first time we'd just made a record and we were all excited and some asshole decides we're going to make a video for "Runaway." So instead of making it about what the song's about, he decides to put a concept to it with his little niece in it. It's the worst piece of shit I ever saw in my life. There's a girl with like fire coming out of her eyes. They dressed the band. Richie's wearing a jumpsuit and shoes that are three sizes too big. They kept squirting us down with this greasy solution to make it look like we were sweating. We all look like assholes.

The second one did well but I hate it. The next album we did "Only Lonely." We went with their story. It was the guy who had done the Steve Perry video, which I thought was pretty innovative. He was going through the same personal problems as I was. He hung out with us. Went out drinking with us. Then he went out and made this video for \$90,000. Puts his fucking brother in it eight times; puts Richie Sambora in it once. Biggest piece of shit I ever saw.

When this album came out we told the director if it wasn't right we'd kill him. We told PolyGram if we don't want it, we're not paying for it, don't you dare come to the shooting. I told the director, "We're going to do a concert. You film it. Cut it down to three minutes." It finally captured the spirit of the band.

**"In the beginning people didn't know what the hell Bon Jovi was. They didn't know if we were a jeans commercial or a pizza parlor."**

Now people come to see us and they say, "You guys have fun!" No shit.

#### JON BON JOVI FACTS

Jon lives in a small "shit place" apartment on the Jersey shore. The other guys live nearby. His favorite football team is the Giants. His favorite Giant is Lawrence Taylor, but he also likes Joe Morns. His favorite baseball team is the Mets, but he hasn't had much time to follow them since '73. Jon throws right and bats right. He listens to Queen from 11 years ago on his Walkman and can't believe how great their production sounds today. His favorite singers are Bono, Bruce, Petty, and Little Steven, Eric Burdon for heart, and Freddy Mercury and Steve Perry for technique. The first album he ever bought was Bob Dylan's *Blood on the Tracks*.

Jon and Richie are producing Cher with Desmond Child, their occasional songwriting partner. They wrote a song for her and they're also backing her up on a remake of "Bang Bang." Jon does not want to be in the movies or on *Miami Vice* or *Crime Story*. (Richie Sambora is the actor—he was the guitar player in *Staying Alive* with John Travolta.)

Jon's favorite pizza is Mariella's on 57th Street in Manhattan. He drives a '58 'Vette. "It's mint!"

#### SURPRISE QUIZ

Bon Jovi is really a band. These guys like each other and they work together. They're all New York Giants fans, and they all probably consider the team to be the New Jersey Giants. And these boys all consider Jon Bon Jovi to be their answer to Phil Simms, the quarterback who's taking them to a championship.

I discovered from talking to the women who won the contest and the women who work for SPIN, that Jon isn't the only Bon Jovi heart throb, so I gave the boys in the band (except for Alec, who was off crashing in a motorcycle someplace) this little psychosexual test.

Lady readers might want to give themselves the same test to see how they match up. Think of an animal that begins with the letter B, then a word to describe it. Then an animal that begins with A, and describe that. Then an animal that begins with D, and describe that. We'll be back with the results in a moment.

#### INVESTIGATIVE PR

The oddball members of our traveling circus were the reporters from the *Sun* who were following Samantha Fox. It seems that Samantha started her career in showbiz as a Page Three Girl. Page Three is the *Sun*'s softcore pinup page and apparently Samantha

Above: Jon Bon Jovi his own self. Right: Richie Sambora, Tasmanian devil worshipper.



is still under contract with the Sun for a certain number of pinups. The terms of this contract provide that she allow these reporters to follow her around.

One afternoon we were waiting for the glass-bottomed boat to take us to a small island for a picnic. The Sun boys parked themselves next to me and began asking me about Jon Bon Jovi. What about his girlfriend? Does he have any bad habits? Was he on drugs? These guys are in the dirt business. I realized that they were probably going to go back and invent something about a dalliance between Jon and Samantha. (Ridiculous.) And they'd like to throw in any other hearsay they could dredge up. Jon had given them only ten minutes and he wouldn't talk to them anymore, and this is a guy who'll talk to anybody.

They said that they thought that Bon Jovi didn't have any ideas about anything. I said, "Wait a second. These guys are rock musicians. Why should they have any ideas about anything? They're not politicians. They're rock stars."

Something snapped and I explained to them that I didn't know or care about any of these things, that American reporters didn't dig the dirt; we just want to make the readers happy. The mudslinging professionals started talking about Ethics. That was the last I saw of those guys.

#### RESULTS

The B animal stands for what you're like before sex.

Richie Sambora is a Beastly Bear. Dave Bryan is a Bad Barracuda. Tico Torres is a Strong, Powerful, Sleepy Bear.

The A animal is what you're like after sex.

Richie is a Peculiar Aardvark. Dave is a Swift and Agile Antelope. Tico is a Small, Colonial Ant.

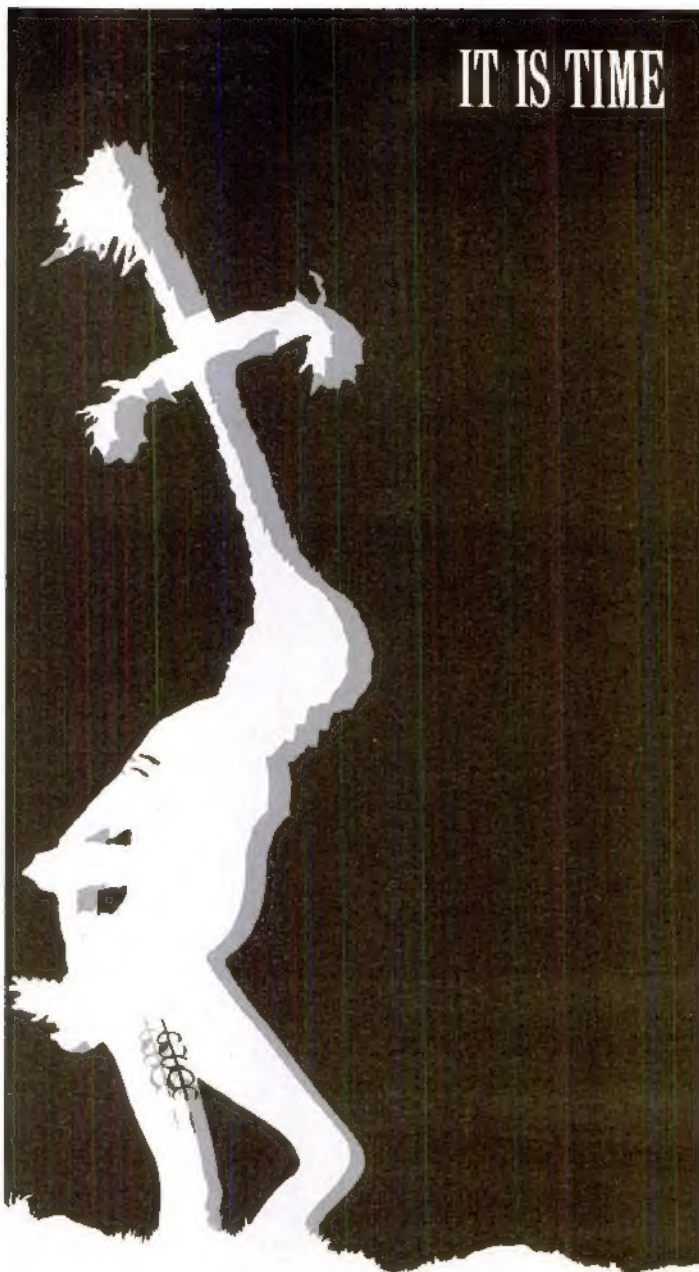
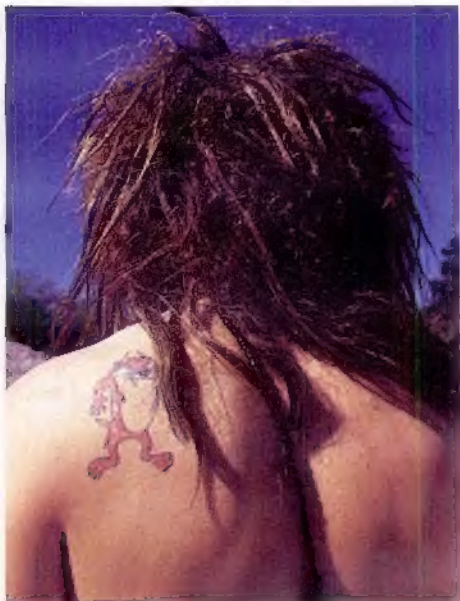
The D animal is what you're like during sex.

Richie is a Swimming Duck. Dave is a Dog, Man's Best Friend. And Tico is a Dog that loves to eat!

#### SPYING ON THE BAND

One night I saw one of the boys' girlfriends walking away from him in the dark. Finally she turned around and yelled back to him: "I don't answer to Mary Tyler Moore. I don't answer to Morticia. And I don't answer to shithead!"

I thought that was really tender. It was just like what my old lady would say. Except she answers to Morticia and I answer to Gomez.



## DREAMTIME

THE STRANGLERS "DREAMTIME"

INCLUDING "ALWAYS THE SUN"

THE TOUR BEGINS IN APRIL

ON EPIC RECORDS AND CASSETTES



EPIC ARE TRADEMARKS OF CBS INC. © 1987 CBS INC.



Relax, 50 years from now it'll all make sense.

Article by  
Jim Mullen

# THE GLOBAL MALL

No, son, when I grew up there was no Home Shopping Network. I know it must sound silly to you, but it seemed normal at the time. Back then, there were only 36 channels on television and you could get a haircut for 30 bucks.

It's kind of funny when you think about it. Home Shopping Network started out so tiny that nobody even noticed it. It used to be that if you wanted to buy something, you had to go to a store. You can't imagine a more unpleasant experience. Streets full of nasty people begging, screaming, selling dope, playing radios, hassling women, peeing. Then you had to walk in and look around and try things on and if you found something you really liked you had take it to the checkout counter and pay for it. Well, shopping at home seemed like a dream come true. Then, when the networks went under, HSN became the biggest company in the country.

A checkout counter was kind of a desk with a . . . ah, never mind, I'll explain it to you later. You ask a lot of questions for a little kid. Excuuuuuuuuuuuuuu me. I didn't realize you were already up to cubic zirconias in school. It seems like just last year you were on dolls that sing "You Light Up My Life." School was different when I was your age. I never took "How to get a refund," or "How to dial an 800 number." They used to think that too much television was bad for us. You can laugh all you want, but that's what they used to think. My folks used to say things like "Turn off that television and go do your homework." Now they tell you to go home and watch your homework.



Hubert Kreischner

A lot of my friends were really upset when Home Shopping Network bought the government for three cents on the dollar after the Great Bankruptcy. I don't know what they were afraid of. They kept saying we'd have no choices, we wouldn't be free. But aren't we freer than anybody? Is there anything we don't have? Look around, we've got televisions and rechargeable flashlights and an AM-FM clock radio that plays "Tie a Yellow Ribbon" when you wake up and this wonderful HAND-MADE PORCELAIN DOLL THAT ACTUALLY SINGS "BABY LOVE" IN THREE PART HARMONY! And it was ours for only \$19.95, a dramatic savings of over 63 percent! And don't we have a heart-shaped, seven-carat cubic zirconia pendant that normally sells for over \$150 a carat but because we ordered today, and because Budget Bob just felt crazy, didn't we get them for \$50 a carat? My friends CAN'T TELL THE DIFFERENCE! And don't you have a pavé-face men's link bracelet watch that if you could buy it

in a store would have cost \$89.95? And don't we have telephones shaped like turtles and genuine brassine bird sculptures and stained wood wine racks and Capadimonite demi-tasse sets and marble fern stands seven inches in diameter and 17 inches tall and cute little knick-knack holders with plenty of knick-knacks? What was it Budget Bob said last night, "Good taste will only hold us back?" I wish somebody would start printing a newspaper again so I could look these things up. But there's a good example right there. My friends were afraid Budget Bob would outlaw newspapers when he was elected president. He didn't. They just went out of business because all the advertisers wanted to be on television. That's supply and demand. What's more American than that?

They thought we wouldn't be able to vote. Isn't that silly? We get to vote every day! Remember yesterday when they put a book up for sale on Home Shopping Network and it sold almost a hundred copies? It was the first time I've seen a book for sale in 20 years. You know, they'll probably do it again if it made money.

Be a good boy and get granddad another wine cooler. Mmmmm, that's good. I just love this new flavor. What's it called again? Wine. Wine-flavored wine cooler. You know, I like it, it's not so . . . fruity. We gotta buy some more of that next time it comes on television.

Where was I? Oh yeah, Budget Bob. I don't know that I particularly like it when he asks Congress if they'd like a big toot this morning. It don't seem right to ask Senator Kennedy ill if he's buying this bill for himself or a friend. Hell, I remember Senator Kennedy's granddad. In those days most

politicians didn't like television, but Kennedy, he was different. It wasn't until Al D'Amato came along that we saw what would happen to a man in love with his own face. That's where we got the word "damato." You know, when TV is so bad that you have to turn on the VCR?

Before that, if you wanted to see a movie, you had to go to a "theater" and watch it in the dark with a bunch of unpleasant people. That was what killed the networks in the first place. I think ABC was the first one to go. ABC? It was like Home Shopping Network but in between the items up for sale they would run these long boring things about cars and children. They called them programs. Well, they got damaged right off the tube. The program that finally put ABC out of business was called *Three's a Fantasy Car Crash*.

At that time there used to be some people who didn't like television. They didn't watch it, so they didn't think it was important. They thought television had to be good to attract an audience. Nobody knows where they got such an idea, when it's a well-known fact that all it has to be is less boring than doing nothing. They were also surprised when Phil Donahue got elected president. But nobody expected Budget Bob to get elected, especially after four years of Phil Donahue.

Budget Bob. What kind of a name is that for a president? But I guess he's all right, though. The first thing he did, he started a new network. The Three Card Monte Network, 24 hours a day.

Now, Vanna, don't yell at me! I was just talking to the boy. I know he should be watching television but ten minutes with his granddad ain't gonna kill him.



## Sounds For The Power Hungry.

Admit it. You're into power. I don't blame you. I'm as power crazed as you. After all, I'm Pioneer's powerful new 50-watt ETR FM/AM cassette car stereo. And I'll give you four times the power of standard systems. New Supertuner III.™ Of course! Dolby® B & C? Yes! Separate bass and treble controls? Absolutely! Come. Play with power.



KEH-9292

©1987 Pioneer Electronics (USA) Inc., Long Beach, CA  
Dolby is a registered trademark of Dolby Laboratories Licensing Corp.

**PIONEER**  
CATCH THE SPIRIT OF A TRUE PIONEER.

Model shown is a prototype.



T H E J O S H U A T R E E U 2

